

Featuring:

DICK COLE

March

BLUE BOLT

10¢



ALSO

KRISKO AND JASPER
SERGEANT SPOOK
EDISON BELL
SUB-ZERO
AND
BLUE BOLT!

VOL. 2 NO. 10



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

THE EDITORS' PAGE

Dear Readers:

As the New Year gets well under way, the Editors acknowledge with sincere thanks the excellent cooperation they have received from you during the past year.

New opportunities are being taken advantage of and new resolutions are being put into effect. Your Editors resolve for 1942 that they will make each issue of **BLUE BOLT** even better than the one before. They also resolve that **BLUE BOLT** will do its part toward injecting a ray of sunshine in any dark clouds that might be hovering overhead by giving you more real humor in the editorial content of the magazine.

Here's wishing you all the best of luck and a banner 1942.

Cordially yours,
THE EDITORS

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Dear Editors:

I enjoy Dick Cole because he is different from other comic strips because he is not a sissy at one time and brave at another time. The artist draws him neatly and the stories are interesting. I think he belongs up with the other comic leaders.

Yours truly,
William Barbato
New Haven, Connecticut

—(You are one of Dick's many admirers, William. Our comic poll still ranks Dick Cole "tops.")

* * *

Dear Sirs:

I have been reading **BLUE BOLT** very often and I think Dick Cole is even better than before, now that Simba and Dick are friends. The one feature I don't like is the White Rider and Super Horse. It is nothing but cowboy stuff and old fashioned. I think Old Cap Hawkins' Tales would be better if it were longer and would tell about pirates like Sir Frances Drake or like the battle of Lake Erie—something that hardly anybody knows. Another feature I like is Phantom Sub now that the Sub can fly, I am never going to miss **BLUE BOLT**.

Respectfully yours,
Leo Hayes
Cleveland, Ohio

—(The Editors will seriously consider pepping up Super Horse, Leo, and Old Cap Hawkins should now meet with your approval.)

* * *

Dear Editors: Of Ye Editors' Page:

How about making Dick Cole and Edison Bell longer? It seems only the boys write and say how much they enjoy your book and so I am writing for girls. I also like inventing things and enjoy making articles in Edison Bell. Dick Cole stories are very interesting and not too exaggerated—making it swell reading.

A Comic Reader,
Gladys Weil
Brooklyn, N. Y.

—(See **4MOST Comics** for 30 pages of Dick Cole, Gladys. It is true that girl readers write less often, but they hold their own in the quality of their letters.)

* * *

Dear Editors:

The boys YMCA by my house had a play in which we had to have a periscope. I was wondering what to use. Then a friend gave me a copy of **BLUE**

BOLT which I enjoyed very much. I made the Edison Bell periscope and it worked like a charm. The YMCA started making them in the handicraft club ever after.

Tom Evans
Detroit, Michigan

—(We are glad to have been of help to your play and to your club, Tom.)

* * *

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading the December issue of **BLUE BOLT** and I think Dick Cole was swell. I want to congratulate you on your covers; they are excellent. The only character I do not like in **BLUE BOLT** is White Rider and Superhorse. I think it would be a good idea to leave out White Rider and leave Superhorse in, alone.

I agree with many people who say Dick Cole should become a quarterly.

Yours truly,
John Gilmartin
Jersey City, N. J.

—(In reference to a Dick Cole quarterly, John, have you read **4MOST Comics**?)

\$1.00 FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO **BLUE BOLT**, 292 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK

DICK COLE

WONDER -

Boy!

WOW! WATCH
THOSE ICE-BOATS!

HEY- CHUCK
OUT THE PUCK!

RACE YOU
TO THE
POINT!

GANGWAY
FOR SANTA HENIE!

WHOOPS-!
I'M FALLING!

ZINGO!

YIPPEE!

MID-WINTER SCENE!

AND HAPPY DAYS FOR THE GANG AT FARR
MILITARY ACADEMY... ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR
SPOTS ON THE CAMPUS IS ACADEMY LAKE-
WHERE ALL CAN FROLIC AND WHOOPI IT
UP TILL DARK- AND THE CALL FOR MESS...

LOOK AT
THOSE BABIES
TEAR!

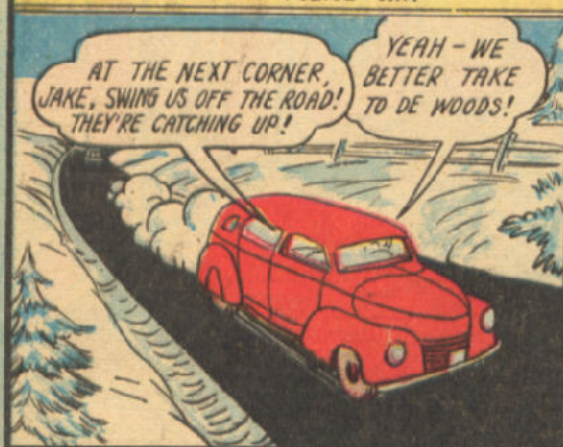
TODAY, DICK COLE IS TRYING
OUT A NEW ICE-BOAT HE HAS
JUST BUILT... LIKE THE WIND,
HE STREAKS DOWN THE ICE...

ZOWIE!
IS THIS LITTLE CRATE
A SWEETHEART!

FROM A HIGH BLUFF
OVERLOOKING THE
LAKE, TED DARE-
DICK'S SWORN
ENEMY-WATCHES
THE BOAT-AND
PLOTS A NASTY
METHOD OF
WRECKING IT-
WITH A TINY T.N.T.
BOMB!

AM! HE'S
GETTING AWAY
FROM THE MOB!
IN A FEW MINUTES
I'LL CHUCK THIS
THING CLOSE
TO HIM!

NOW, LET'S TAKE A QUICK GLANCE BACK OF THE LAKE, WHERE TWO YOUNG GANGSTERS ARE TRYING TO ESCAPE FROM A HOTLY PURSUING POLICE CAR



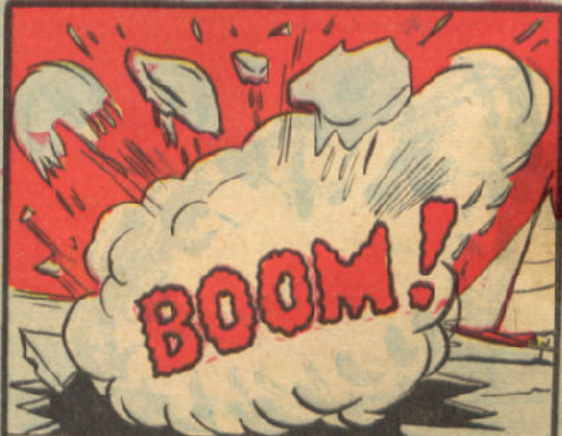
SURE ENOUGH! THE POLICE CAR SPEEDS RIGHT PAST THE SPOT!



TURNING, THE TWO RUN INTO THE BRUSH -



AND THIS IS WHAT THE YOUNG GANGSTERS SEE



THE TINY BOMB LANDS JUST BEFORE DICK'S SPEEDING ICE-BORT - BLOWING A GREAT, GAPPING HOLE IN THE ICE

EVERYONE WITHIN SOUND OF THE EXPLOSION
TURNS HIS EYES TOWARD DICK'S BOAT.



UNABLE TO STOP IN SUCH A SHORT DISTANCE, DICK AND
HIS BOAT BOTH PLUNGE INTO THE ICY WATER...



DICK'S MOMENTUM
CARRIES HIM FAR UNDER THE
THICK ICE--BLACKNESS ENVELOPS HIM--

WHEN HE SWIMS UPWARD, HE BUMPS
HIS HEAD AGAINST SOLID ICE----



VAINLY, HE GROPE TO
ESCAPE FROM HIS FRIGID TRAP...

NO GOOD!! .. FILLED WITH
PANIC, HE BEGINS TO SWIM MADLY--
LOOKING FOR LIGHT ABOVE HIM--



HURRIEDLY, THE OTHER CADETS RACE UP TO THE HOLE.



SUDDENLY--A GOOD DISTANCE FROM THE HOLE--DICK
FEELS THE BOTTOM UNDER HIS FEET--QUICKLY HE
BRACES HIS BACK AGAINST THE THICK ICE-----



AT LAST!
OUT OF SIGHT OF THE GANG AT THE
HOLE - DICK BREAKS THROUGH...



BUT TED DARE SEES DICK'S ESCAPE
WITH A MIXTURE OF RELIEF AND
CHAGRIN...



AND JUST ABOVE DARE, THE GANGSTERS
HAVE BEEN WATCHING THE WHOLE
PERFORMANCE WITH KEEN INTEREST.



MEANWHILE, THE POLICE HAVE DISCOVERED
THEIR MISTAKE, AND TURNED BACK TO
SCOUR THE WOODS...



ABRUPTLY, JAKE GETS AN IDEA...



A FEW MINUTES LATER DARE IS
NABBED...



HEARING THE POLICE APPROACH, THE GANGSTERS QUICKLY
INSTRUCT THE FRIGHTENED DARE TO HEAD THEM OFF...



NOW, AS DICK HEADS OVERLAND, BACK TOWARD
THE SCHOOL, THE THUGS POUNCE UPON HIM...



YOU JUST KEEP WALKING!
THERE'S AN OLD BOAT-SHED
AT THE FURTHER END OF
THE LAKE--HEAD
FOR THAT!

YOUR PAL, HERE, IS
DE GUY WHO CHUCKED
DAT BOMB, BLONDIE!



WHAT!
DARE! WHY--
YOU--

NOW BACK TO
THE CROWD AT
THE WATER
HOLE.....

THE SCHOOL
AUTHORITIES
HAVE ORDERED
A VAST SECTION
OF THE ICE CUT
AWAY, AND A
SEARCH WITH
GRAPPLING
HOOKS
IS MADE FOR
DICK--
BELIEVED TO
BE DROWNED
BY NOW...

ARE YOU SURE
NOBODY SAW HIM
COME UP?

DOES ANYBODY
KNOW WHAT CAUSED
THE EXPLOSION?

SURE! HE ISN'T
HERE, IS HE? HE
HASN'T TURNED UP
AT THE CAMPUS.

NO, THAT'S A
MYSTERY, TOO!

GEE--POOR
DICK!



SUDDENLY, AN EXCITED CRY COMES
UP FROM ONE OF THE BOATS!

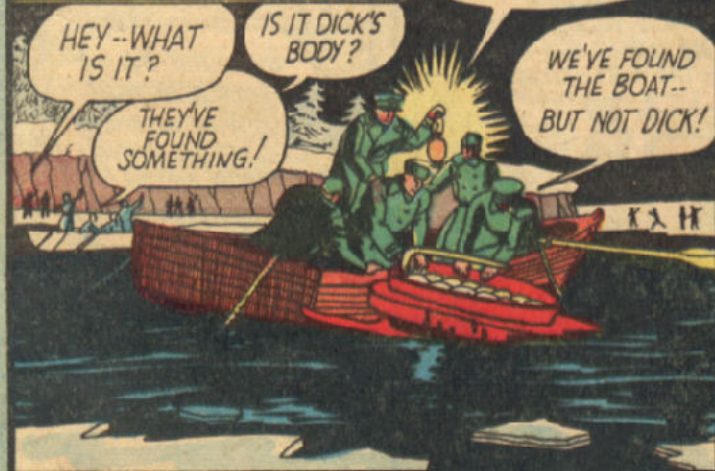
THE ICE-BOAT!

HEY--WHAT
IS IT?

IS IT DICK'S
BODY?

THEY'VE
FOUND
SOMETHING!

WE'VE FOUND
THE BOAT--
BUT NOT DICK!



WHILE THIS HAS BEEN
GOING ON AT THE BIG
HOLE, SIMBA KARN, DICK'S
PAL--HAS BEEN DOING SOME
PRIVATE EXPLORING--ABRUPTLY--

WHAT'S THIS--ANOTHER
HOLE! COULD DICK HAVE
SWUM THIS FAR?



TURNING--HE RACES BACK TO THE CROWD

HERE'S
SIMBA!

WHAT IS
IT, SIMBA?

COACH-COACH!

THERE'S A HOLE AROUND
THE BEND--BIG ENOUGH!
DICK COULD HAVE GOTTEN
OUT THROUGH IT!



HURRIEDLY THE CROWD RUSHES OVER TO EXAMINE IT.....

THERE! SEE
IT? HE COULD
HAVE SWUM AROUND
HERE ---PUSHED
OUT!

HM-M-M! THAT'S ALMOST
IMPOSSIBLE--STILL--DICK..
BUT IF HE DID ESCAPE,
WHERE IS HE? WHAT'S
HAPPENED TO HIM?



MEANWHILE, AT THE OLD BOAT-SHED, BANJO AND JAKE HAVE SWITCHED CLOTHES WITH DICK AND TED DARE.....

HOW DO I LOOK, BANJO? PRETTY HAPPY, EH?

JUST TOO, TOO CUTE FOR WORDS, JAKIE! DE COPS WOULD NEVER KNOW YOU.

YOU GUYS ARE CRAZY!

HEY, BANJO! I GOT AN IDEA!! DIS SCHOOL! IT'S A PERFECT HIDEOUT!! WE COULD TIE-UP THESE KIDS HERE, AND SLIP BACK THERE AND MINGLE WID DE CADETS FOR AWHILE! DA BULLS WOULD NEVER FIND US!

WONDERFUL! I KNOW! WE'LL TAKE BLACKIE WID US, AND MAKE HIM SHOW US DE ROPES -- GET FOOD FOR US -- FIND A PLACE FOR US TO SLEEP!

WHAT! DO YOU THINK I'M CRAZY?

THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

WELL, YOU'D BETTER **MAKE** IT POSSIBLE, TWIRP-- OR WE'LL TURN YOU IN FOR TRYING TO KILL YOUR PAL WID DAT BOMB!! **GET DAT?**

BUT-- BUT YOU'D BE ----

NO BUTS! C'MON, GET STARTED!

AND YOU'D BETTER SEE DAT WE DON'T GET CAUGHT!

WELL-- YOU'D BETTER BE SURE **HE** DOESN'T ESCAPE! HE'D QUEER THE WHOLE SHOW!

I'LL FIX HIM!

SO DICK IS BOUND FROM HEAD TO FOOT AND LEFT ALONE IN THE OLD SHACK.....

WELL-- THIS IS A FINE KETTLE OF FISH! I MIGHT BE HERE FOR DAYS BEFORE ANYONE WOULD FIND ME!

WHILE DARE AND HIS TWO EVIL PALS JOURNEY BACK TO FARR ---- ARRIVING AFTER TAPS, THEY SNEAK INTO THE DORM.

NOW, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, BE QUIET!

G'WAN IN!

WE GOT UNIFORMS ON -- AIN'T WE?

SO BANJO AND JAKE HAVE FOUND THEMSELVES A NICE COMFORTABLE HIDE-OUT ---- THE NEXT DAY, THEY FORCE DARE TO BRING THEM FOOD, CIGARS, AND MAGAZINES -- WHILE THEY SPRAWL IN SAFE COMFORT IN HIS ROOM...

IF ONLY YOU GUYS WOULDN'T SMOKE! IT'S AGAINST THE RULES! THEY'LL SMELL IT!

G'WAN, TWIRPY! YOU SEE DAT THEY DON'T!

AND THE NEXT TIME YOU GO OUT, BRING ME SOME CHOCOLATE BARS!



ON CAMPUS, THE MYSTERY OF DICK'S DISAPPEARANCE GROWS--SOME OF THE GANG ARE REMEMBERING THAT DARE HAS NOT BEEN SEEN, TOO-- WHEN-----

HEY--GANG! DARE IS BACK! I JUST SAW HIM!

WHAT? YOU DID?



I JUST SAW HIM SLIPPING INTO THE DORM! HE LOOKED PALE AND FUNNY! I ASKED HIM IF HE'D SEEN DICK AND HE DIDN'T ANSWER ME!

THAT'S A FUNNY ONE!

HE DIDN'T EH? WELL--HE'LL ANSWER ME!



SIMBA JUMPS UP TO DARE'S ROOM--

HEY, DARE--WHERE'D YOU GO YESTERDAY? DID YOU SEE DICK?

GET OUT OF HERE!

WHAT? NO! I DIDN'T SEE HIM!

WHO'S DIS?



ARE YOU SURE? WHO ARE THESE GUYS?

BEAT IT, MONKEY!

YES, I'M SURE! THESE FELLOWS ARE NEW CADETS! NOW GET OUT OF MY ROOM!



AND THAT'S THAT!! IN THE EVENING BANJO AND JAKE SLIP AWAY TO THE OLD BOAT-SHED TO CHECK UP ON DICK--AND TO FEED HIM...

WELL, ME HEARTIES, HOW DO YOU FIND LIFE AT THE OLD SCHOOL?

YOUR PAL, BLACKIE, IS A TERRIFIC HOST, BLONDIE--HURRY UP AND EAT!

ACES, BUTTER-CUP! HERE!



ONE-TWO-THREE DAYS SLIP PAST--STILL NO WORD FROM DICKSIMBA BECOMES HAGGARD WITH WORRY--EVERYONE SPECULATES ON THE MYSTERY--

MAYBE DICK--IF HE'S ALIVE--DECIDED TO NIP OFF AND GO TO SEA--OR SOMETHING...

I DOUBT IT! HE'S ALIVE--I KNOW IT! HE'S ALIVE--
I KNOW IT--AND THAT ROTTEN DARE HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THIS BUSINESS, TOO!



MEANWHILE--BANJO AND JAKE HAVE BECOME BOLDER--THEY BEGIN TO MINGLE WITH THE OTHER CADETS DURING RECREATION HOURS, WHILE DARE WORRIES...

I WISH YOU GUYS WOULD STAY UNDER COVER!

WHOOPEE!

NUTS! WHO'S GOING TO NOTICE US AMONG FIVE HUNDRED CADETS?

SIMBA BEGINS TO SHADOW
DARE--HOPING FOR A CLUE.

STILL ALIVE--AND
CHEERFUL AS A BUG
IN A RUG!

HOW WAS OUR
PAL LAST NIGHT?
OKAY?

OUR PAL!!
STILL ALIVE!
WHO'S THAT?

A LITTLE LATER SIMBA ACCOSTS DARE.....

JUST A MINUTE, HANDSOME!
IT'S TIME YOU OPENED UP!
WHERE'S DICK COLE?

WHAT? TAKE
YOUR HANDS OFF
ME!

**I SAID--TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF! I
DON'T KNOW WHERE COLE IS--AND--**

OH, YES YOU DO!
AND YOU'RE GOING
TO SPILL IT!

YOU'RE BEHIND
THIS MESS--AND
I KNOW IT! **SO
START TALKING!**

SOCK!

**OUCH!
HEY!**

HELP!

I'M THROUGH
FOOLING!

YOU'LL TALK--
OR ELSE--

I'LL BREAK EVERY BONE
IN YOUR BODY!

**NOW--WHERE'S
DICK COLE?**

OW-I-I-
DON'T KNOW!

STOP!

C'MON, RAT! SPILL IT--SPILL IT!
WHERE IS HE? YOU KNOW!

HE--GLUG--HE'S IN
OLD BOAT-SHED--
OTHER END OF
LAKE---**STOP!**

IN NO TIME, SIMBA IS RACING LIKE MAD DOWN THE LAKE WITHIN A FEW MINUTES, HE SPOTS THE SHED

WOW! YIPPEE! I'VE FOUND HIM!

COMING, DICK!

HE BURSTS INTO THE BUILDING---

SIMBA!
HI-YA PAL! GLAD YOU DROPPED IN!

DICK! WHEW!
AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU! HOW ARE YOU? WHAT'S HAPPENED?

DICK EXPLAINS ABOUT THE GANGSTERS AS THE TWO RACE BACK TO CAMPUS--

IF WE HURRY, WE MIGHT NAB THOSE GUYS!

IMAGINE-- THE NERVE OF THAT PUNK DARE!

MEANWHILE, DARE IS DRUMMING UP HIS COURAGE TO TIP THE GANGSTERS OFF

THEY'LL MURDER ME FOR TELLING SIMBA!!
WHAT'LL I DO?

HOW CAN I TELL THEM?

ENTERING THE ROOM

HEY-FELLAS! QUICK! YOU'D BETTER RUN! SOMEBODY'S FOUND COLE! HE'S COMING BACK!

WHAT? HOLY COW! THE JIG'S UP!

WE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!

WITH DRAWN GUNS, THE TWO GANGSTERS LEAP OUT OF THE BUILDING--JUST AS DICK AND SIMBA ARRIVE....

JEEPERS-- HERE THEY COME!

WOW! DICK'S BACK!
WHERE ARE THE GANGSTERS?

GRAB 'EM!

THERE'S A CAR COMING--GO FOR THAT!

LAURA'S CAR! UNKNOWINGLY, SHE DRIVES RIGHT INTO THE GANGSTERS' HANDS!

HEY-- YOU GUYS!

STAND BACK!
I'LL PLUG THE FIRST KID DAT MOVES!

C'MON!
JUMP INTO DIS CAR!

STOP!

ZOWIE! HERE'S DICK!

HURRIEDLY, THE TWO MEN LEAP INTO THE STARTLED GIRL'S CAR - SHOVE HER ASIDE ----

STOP!

HALT!

HEY! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

KEEP BACK!
KEEP BACK! I'LL SHOOT!

G'WAN!
MOVE OVER, SISTER!

WITHIN A FEW SECONDS, THEY ARE SPEEDING DOWN THE DRIVEWAY!

THEY'VE GOT LAURA!

CALL THE POLICE!

HELP!

DON'T WORRY!
I'LL STEP ON IT!

STEP ON IT, BANJO!

FOR A SECOND, DICK AND SIMBA ARE STUMPED ---- THEN ----

THE BOB-SLED RUN! IT CROSSES THE ROAD DOWN THE HILL!

C'MON, SIMBA!

RIGHT, PAL!

THEY RACE TO THE BOB-SLED RUN ----

HEY! OFF THAT SLED! GANGWAY!

HOLY CATS!
IT'S DICK!

WHAT THE DICKENS IS UP?

LEAPING ABOARD ----

WOW!

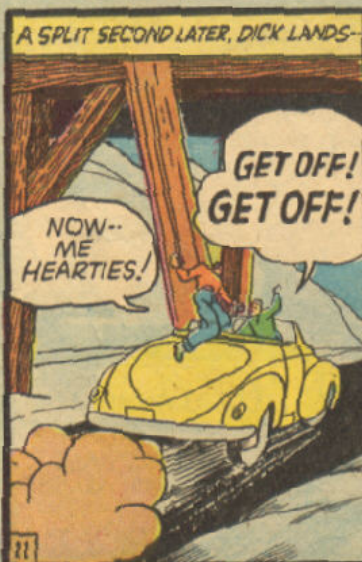
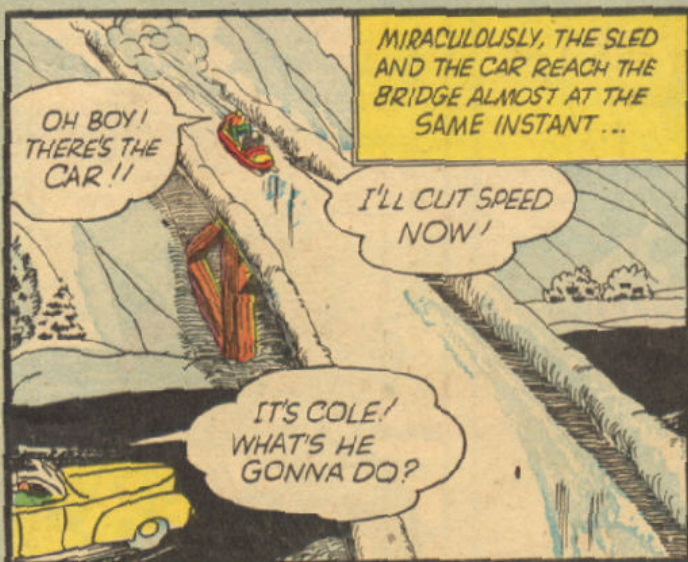
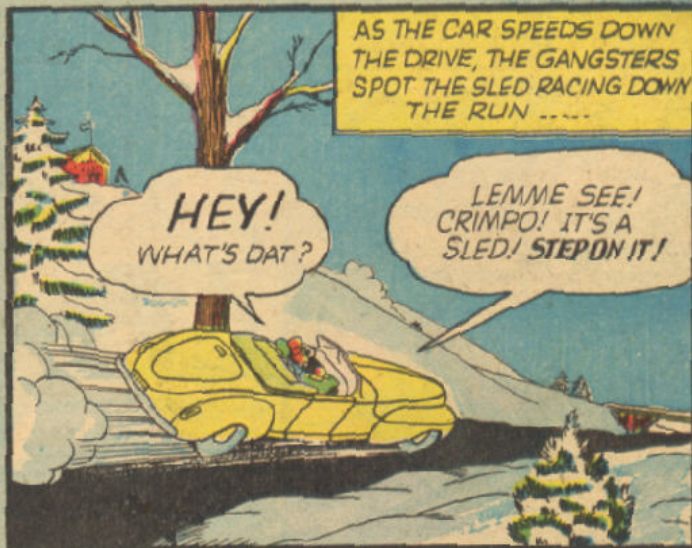
WE'RE OFF!

I GOT THE WHEEL!

THEY FLY DOWN THE RUN, GAINING TERRIFIC SPEED WITHIN A FEW SECONDS ----

PAL - WE'LL BE DOING 90 IN NOTHING FLAT!

WE SHOULD GET TO THE BRIDGE AS SOON - OR SOONER - THAN LAURA'S CAR!!
THROW THE BRAKE AWAY!
LET HER GO, KID!



RECOVERING, THE GANGSTERS LEAP FOR DICK!



DICK SPRINGS INTO BATTLE JUST AS SIMBA COMES RUSHING UP --



SIMBA LEAPS INTO THE FRAY!



AND IN A MINUTE, THE GANGSTERS ARE COMPLETELY COWED...THEY ALL START BACK TO THE CAMPUS



JOYFULLY, THE CADETS GREET THEM!



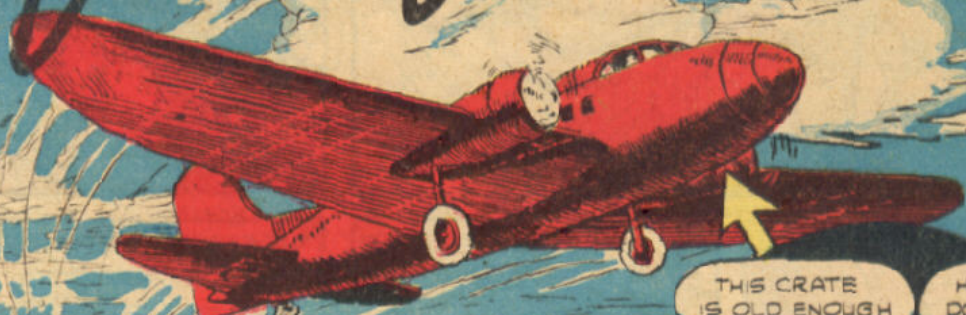
AND THAT'S THAT! THE GANGSTERS ARE PACKED OFF TO JAIL, AND DARE SLIPS UP TO DICK...



SO--THAT WINDS US UP FOR ANOTHER MONTH, GANG! DICK AND HIS PALS WILL BE BACK AGAIN IN THE NEXT BLUE BOLT!

Edison

BELL

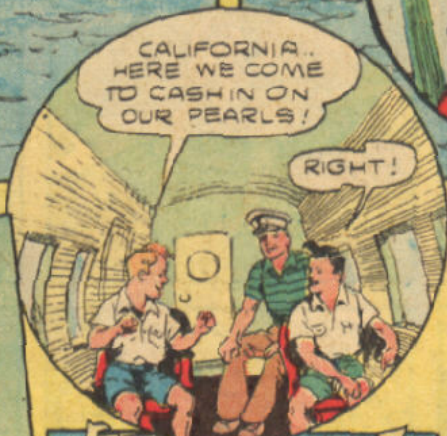


THIS CRATE IS OLD ENOUGH FOR A PENSION!

HOPE WE DON'T RUN INTO ANY STORMS!



by RAY GILL
and HAROLD DELAY



CALIFORNIA... HERE WE COME TO CASH IN ON OUR PEARLS!

RIGHT!



EDDIE AND JERRY ARE FLYING TO CALIFORNIA WITH THEIR NEW AND SOMETIMES UNBEARABLE FRIEND, ANTON, IN HIS FATHER'S COMMERCIAL PLANE TO CASH IN ON THE THREE BLACK PEARLS THEY ACQUIRED ON THE ISLAND OF TAGO-TAGO! THE DAY IS CLEAR AND SUNNY AS THEY TAKE OFF... HOWEVER...

HOURS LATER...

JOE... LOOK WHAT'S COMING!

GOOD LORD! SIT TIGHT... I'LL GET PARACHUTES ON THE PASSENGERS!



SUDDENLY, WITH THE KIND OF FURY ONLY THE ELEMENTS THEMSELVES CAN MUSTER, A TYPHOON HITS THE PLANE!

THERE GOES A WING! WE'RE THROUGH!



AS THE WIND SINGS PAST THEM,
THE BOYS TRY TO JUMP!

DO SOMETHING
OR WE'LL ALL
DIE!

I CAN'T GET
THE DOOR OPEN!
THE WING IS
CLAMPED
AGAINST
IT!

VALIANTLY, THE PILOT
TRIES TO RIGHT THE
CRIPPLED SHIP!

BRACE
YOURSELF...
HIT WATER!

NO...LOOK! ROCKS!
IT'S AN
ISLAND!



A FEW MINUTES LATER,
EDDIE COMES TO AND
FINDS HIMSELF THROWN
HIGH ON A BEACH!

J-JERRY... ANTON...
OH H H H!

THE STORM HAS PASSED.

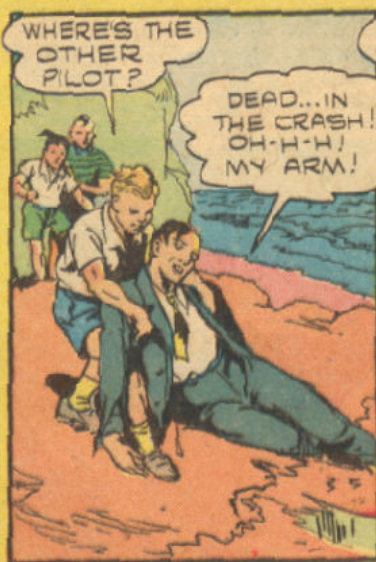
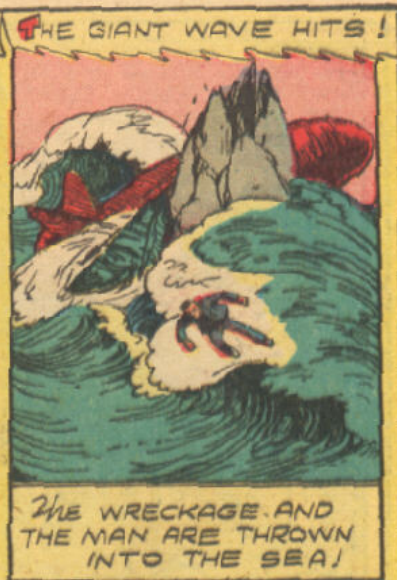
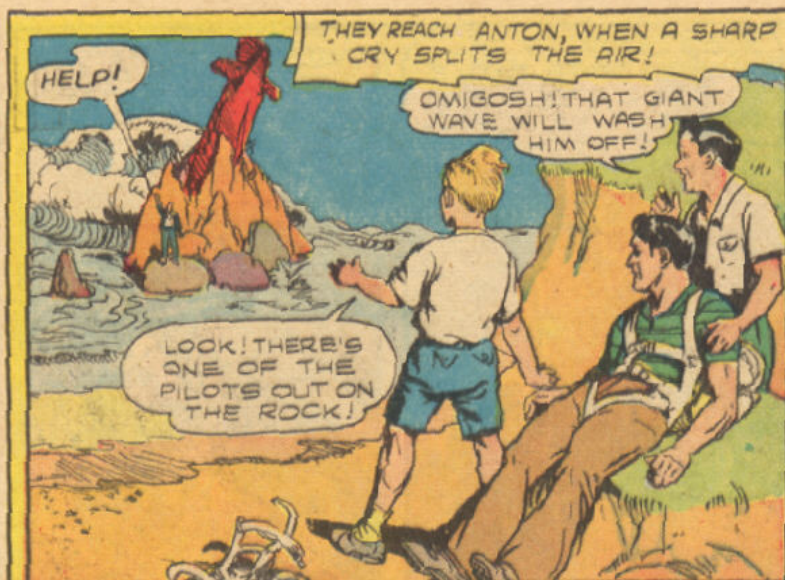
-AND THE PLANE...
AND PILOTS!

JERRY... I GOT
HIM INTO
THIS! WHAT
WILL I
TELL
HIS...?

EDDIE!

GOSH! AM I GLAD
TO SEE YOU!

YOU OKAY?
GOOD! ANTON IS
ALL RIGHT! BUT
THE PILOTS ARE
MISSING! C'MON!



FOLLOW ME
AND SEE! I HAVEN'T
BEEN DAY-
DREAMING!
WHAT
SURPRISE?



EDDIE LEADS HIS PAL
THROUGH DENSE JUNGLE,
TO A TALL ROCK IN THE
CENTER OF THE ISLAND.

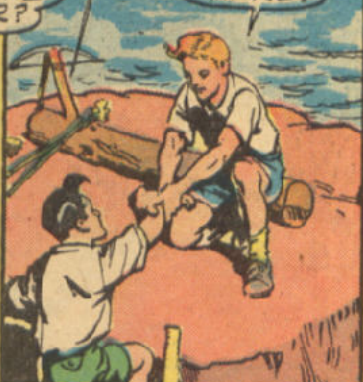
THIS IS MY HANG-OUT!
--I FOUND BAMBOO
TREES, AND...

...AND MADE A
RAFT...GOOD!
BUT WHY THE
LADDER?



WELL, WELL! SEVENTH
HEAVEN, EH?

VERY FUNNY!
WAIT TILL YOU
SEE WHAT I'VE
GOT UP
HERE!

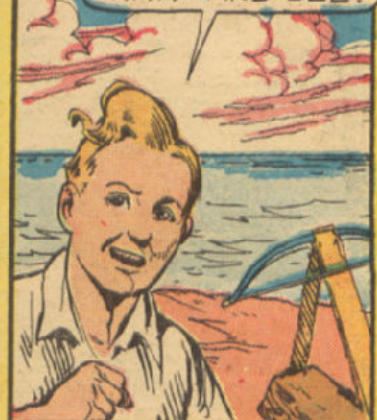


SEE? IT'S A BAMBOO CROSS-BOW
THAT SHOOTS LONG, FIBRE-
TIPPED BAMBOO SHAFTS,
DIPPED IN...

HAH! HAH! WHAT IS
IT? AN ANTI-
AIRCRAFT
GUN?



THINK YOU'RE SMART.
EH? WELL, JUST
FOR THAT YOU'RE
GOING TO HAVE TO
WAIT AND SEE!



AS THE DAYS FLY BY,
WITH NO HELP IN SIGHT...

FEELING
BETTER?

YES, THANKS!
I'LL BE ABLE TO
DO MY PART ANY
DAY NOW!



THE BOYS BUSY THEM -
SELVES HUNTING AND FISHING.

GOT
HIM!

NICE
SHOT!



WHILE EDDIE KEEPS A
CONSTANT LOOKOUT FOR
PASSING SHIPS...



Then, one night Eddie sees...

LIGHTS! IT MUST BE A SHIP!



NOW! A MATCH TO THE COCONUT OIL ON THE FIBRES!



JERRY AND ANTON ARE SURPRISED TO SEE...

LOOK! A ROCKET! HOW?

IT'S EDDIE! HE MUST HAVE SIGHTED SOMETHING!



HE'S SIGNALLING THOSE LIGHTS OUT THERE!

HOORAY! A SHIP! HOPE THEY SEE IT!



EDDIE'S SIGNAL IS SIGHTED ALL RIGHT... BUT...

KOOM GLA!

GLA! GLA!

CHA-CHINT!



BY HEADHUNTERS!

THEY'VE SEEN MY SIGNAL AND ARE HEADING THIS WAY!



BUT... WOULD EDDIE AND THE BOYS BE SO JUBILANT IF THEY KNEW WHO THE OWNERS OF THE LIGHTS WERE?



HEADHUNTERS... COMING TO FIND OUT WHO THESE ENEMIES MIGHT BE. THAT OARE. SHOOT FIRE FROM THEIR SACRED ISLAND! MORE IN THE NEXT BLUE BOLT!

EUGENE L.
BY
POLLOCK

ADVENTURES IN STAMPS

DO YOU KNOW...

—THAT Bechuanaland Protectorate, a British colony in Africa, has five large negro tribes whose names all begin with Ba? Try saying these names quickly as a tongue twister, Bamangwato, Bangwaketse, Bamalete, Bakhatla and Batawana. These would even stump the best radio announcer.



—THAT Congo, Belgium's large colony in Africa, printed a set of postage stamps including designs showing flute players, drummers, banjo players and dancing elephants? The same set also show a collector of sap from rubber trees and a witch doctor wearing a fierce mask and carrying the huge spear which the natives used for killing their human sacrifices in days gone by.

—THAT Captain Cook, who discovered many parts of the British Empire and after whom the Cook Islands have been named, was killed by some of the natives he tried to help? He was one of England's greatest explorers and sailed many thousands of miles in search of land and adventure.



—THAT Queen Isabella II of Spain cut off the head of her Postmaster General because he failed to tell the postal clerks that they must not put cancellation marks on the stamps showing Her Majesty's face? The Queen thought black ink cancellations on her stamp pictures would be dishonorable.



—THAT the old democratic German Republic issued a postage stamp in 1924 showing a poor man getting dressed? This is the only design ever printed showing the thing that everyone does at least twice a day for as long as he lives.

AN APPROVAL APPLICANT is anyone sending for the stamps advertised on this page. This means that along with the advertised stamps you send for you will also receive a selection of other stamps from which you may buy any or all you prefer. You must send back the stamps (except those you receive from the ad), together with the money for those you buy, within 10 days after you receive them.

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During Austrian troops in actual battle zones, this World War orphans charity set has become quite scarce. While our supply lasts we will send you a set of these and the interesting Finland Helsinki set. Just send us 4c (four cents) postage. Approvals included. L.B. WILLIAMS & CO., 719 Archer Bldg., Bay City, Mich.

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BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN



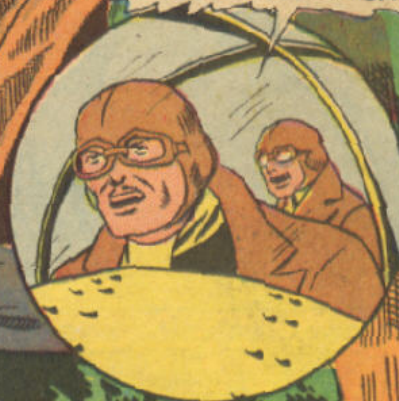
WHAT

WAS THE HORROR,
ON THE ROCK OF
THE CRAWLING
DEATH?

BLUE BOLT, THE AMERICAN,
FINDS IT IN THIS ADVEN-
TURE OF A FORGOTTEN
PEOPLE AND THEIR
EERIE CULT!

INSIDE A U.S. ARMY
PLANE OVER THE
PHILIPPINE ISLES.

SHE'S OUT OF CON-
TROL! WE'RE
GOING TO CRASH!



WHEW! ARE WE THE
LUCKY ONES! NOT
A SCRATCH!

TRY FIRING A FEW
FLARES FROM THE
SIGNAL-LIGHT PISTOL!
SOMEBODY MIGHT
SEE 'EM!

THE PLANE
PLUNGES INTO
THE EARTH
WITH A
SICKENING
CRASH!



LATER...

NO USE!
I USED UP
THE LAST
FLARE...WE'RE
LICKED!

LET'S
HUNT UP
SOME
FOOD,
THEN!

SUDDENLY...

WHAT
IN?

HERE'S ONE ON
THE BUTTON!

UGH!

WE SHALL BRING
THESE BIRDMEN
TO THE HIGH
PRIEST!

BLUE BOLT, THE AMERICAN
COMES TO A DECISION....

I THINK IT'S TIME I
TOOK A HAND IN THIS!
MAYBE I CAN
FIND THOSE
TWO MEN!

DAILY HER
FLIERS NOT
YET FOUND
SEARCH CONTIN

AT ARMY HEADQUARTERS!

THERE'S A PLANE
LEAVING FOR THE
PHILIPPINES IN THE
MORNING, GOOD
LUCK TO YOU!

THANK
YOU,
SIR!

NEXT MORNING, ABOARD
THE PLANE...

THREE
GUESSES?

HOLY
MACKEREL!
IT'S HER!

HOW DID YOU KNOW
I WAS HERE?

JUST COMMON
SENSE I READ
ABOUT THE AVIATORS!
I KNEW YOU'D TRY
TO RESCUE THEM.
I FOUND OUT THAT
THIS PLANE WAS
BOUND FOR THE
PHILIPPINES...SO,
HERE I AM!



THE NEXT DAY AT THE LUZON
ARMY AIR BASE...

THE LOST MEN
ARE PROBABLY
ON ONE OF
THESE UNCHARTED
ISLANDS!

I
SEE!

BUT REMEMBER,
THESE SMALL ISLANDS
ARE INHABITED BY
WILD MORRO TRIBESMEN,
COMPLETELY UNCIVILIZED!
THEY WORSHIP STRANGE
GODS AND PRACTICE
UNKNOWN WITCHERY...
SO BE CAREFUL!

FEW HOURS LATER...

THANKS FOR TAKING ME
ALONG, BIG BOY... BUT
WHY SUCH A SMALL
BOAT?

BETTER
NAVIGATION AMONG
THESE SMALL
ISLANDS!

SUDDENLY...A FUNNEL SHAPED CLOUD
BEARS DOWN ON THEM SWIFTLY....

LOOK!

A WATER-
SPOUT!

WITH AWESOME FURY THE
WATERSPOUT STRIKES THEM!

LOIS!
LOIS!
WHERE
ARE
YOU?

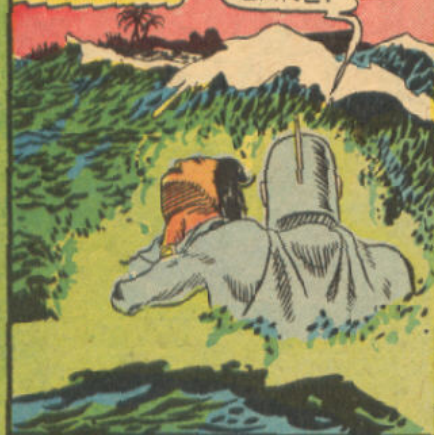
HERE!

THE
BOAT HITS HER.

OH!
MY
HEAD!

BLUE BOLT REACHES LOIS IN TIME...

THAT ISLAND... I MUST MAKE IT, FOR LOIS SAKE!



WHEW! WHAT A JOB!

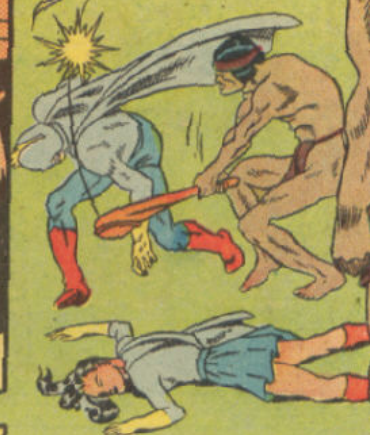
THE FIERCE SQUALL SUBSIDES...



SUDDENLY...

AH! HIGH PRIEST BE HAPPY TO SEE GIRL... CARRY THEM AWAY!

UGH!



WE ARE HERE! THROW MAN INTO DUNGEON! BRING GIRL TO OUR PLACE OF WORSHIP!

BLUE BOLT COMES TO...

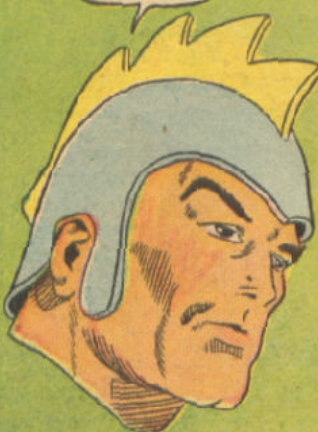
WHAT... WHERE AM I?

YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, PARDNER! YOU'RE IN GOOD COMPANY!

YEAH!



SO... YOU ARE THE MEN I CAME TO FIND... I FOUND YOU ALL RIGHT! HEY, I CAME HERE WITH A GIRL... WHERE IS SHE?



WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO LOIS???

THIS GIRL SHALL BE OUR SACRIFICE TO RADAM, THE SUN GOD! THE OTHERS GO TO THE ROCK OF THE CRAWLING DEATH!

YES!



WHERE ARE YOU TAKING US?

TO THE ROCK OF THE CRAWLING DEATH!

WHAT'S THAT?

HA! SOON YOU WILL KNOW!

I'LL START A FIRE WITH A SPARK FROM THESE ROCKS...

WHAT A PLACE!

THERE! THAT DOES IT!

AHHH! LOOK! MY ARM! OW!

GIANT CRABS!

THERE...!
YOU'RE FREE!
HOW'S YOUR
ARM?

ALL RIGHT,
NOW!

STONE
'EM!

A comic book panel showing a man in a blue suit and a woman in a red dress struggling to hold a large, spotted, tentacle-like creature. The man is shouting, "HOW'S YOUR ARM?" The creature has a long, spotted body and several tentacles. The man is holding one of the tentacles, and the woman is holding another. The background is a simple, stylized landscape with a yellow sky and a brown ground. There are speech bubbles above the characters, with the man's saying "HOW'S YOUR ARM?" and the woman's saying "HOW'S YOUR ARM?" (partially visible).

1 STRANGE STRUGGLE PROCEEDS!



HARRY COLLAPSES AS THE LAST MONSTER IS DESTROYED!



AFTER A SHORT REST, THE INTREPID THREE MAKE FOR THE ISLAND WHERE THEY LEFT LOIS.



BOY! TERRA FIRMA! LAND! IT SURE FEELS GOOD!

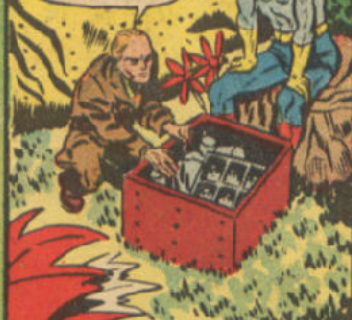


WE CAN'T LOSE ANY TIME, FELLOWS!

HEY! LOOK! --OUR WRECKED PLANE

HMM! SODA POP BOTTLES--AND THE GAS TANK IS FULL! I'VE AN IDEA!

I GOT YOU! --"MOLOTOV COCKTAILS!"



FILLING THE BOTTLES WITH GASOLINE, THEY MAKE BOMBS



LISTEN! A CHANT FROM THE TEMPLE!

Meanwhile... THE SACRIFICIAL RITES ARE UNDER WAY--TO THE CADENCE OF A WEIRD NATIVE CHANT, THE HIGH PRIEST IS ABOUT TO MAKE THE SACRIFICE OF LOIS, WHO HAS REMAINED UNCONSCIOUS ALL THE TIME ON THE ALTAR.



A comic book panel from 'The Gas Bomb'. At the top, a yellow banner with black text reads: "EQUIPPED WITH THE GASOLINE BOMBS, THEY HEAD FOR THE TEMPLE." Below this, a king in a blue robe and crown stands on a yellow hill, holding a large red gas bomb. A speech bubble from him says: "COME ON! RIGHT WITH YOU!" In the foreground, two soldiers in brown uniforms are shown from the chest up. The soldier on the left wears a flight helmet and goggles, and both are holding gas masks. The background is a simple blue sky.

LISTEN!
THE CHANT
IS LOUDER!

A character with short brown hair, wearing a brown jacket and orange pants, is running through a field of small white flowers. A speech bubble above them contains the text "LISTEN! THE CHANT IS LOUDER!". The background shows a green hill and a blue sky with a few clouds.

FEARLESSLY, BLUE BOLT DARTS INTO THE TEMPLE AND SNATCHES LOIS FROM THE ALTAR.

CAUGHT THEM FLAT-FOOTED--BUT THEY'LL BE RIGHT AFTER US!

AND CARRIES HER TO THE TOP OF THE WALL!

OKAY, LOIS?

I'M ALL RIGHT NOW!

BLAST 'EM, BOYS!

HERE GOES.

I'M ALL
RIGHT
NOW!

HERE
GOES.

[illegible]

RECOVERING QUICKLY, THE NATIVES SOON BREAK THROUGH AN OPEN SECTION OF THE WALL.



A comic book panel showing a group of natives breaking through a wall. In the foreground, a native with a spear and shield is running towards the viewer, shouting "AGG!". Behind him, another native is running, shouting "AEIII!". They are both wearing loincloths and carrying spears. The wall is crumbling around them, and there are other natives visible in the background. The scene is set in a rocky, hilly area.

AGG!

AEIII:

THEY BREAK FROM THE NATIVES AND HEAD FOR THE BEACH!

HERE'S HOPING WE FIND A BOAT!

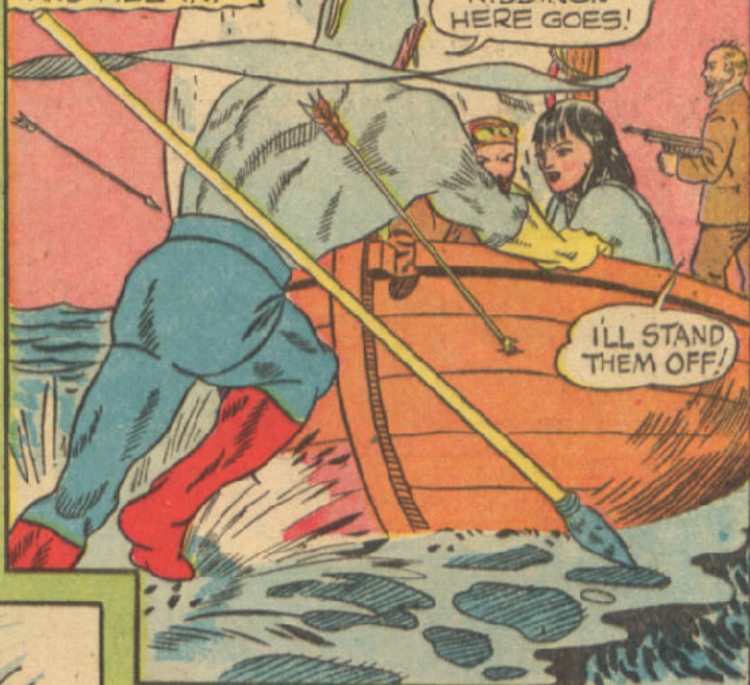
WE'D BETTER!



FORTUNE SMILES ON THEM AS THEY SIGHT A SMALL SAILING CRAFT, AND PILE IN!

HURRY, BLUE BOLT!

HMM! YOU'RE NOT KIDDING.. HERE GOES!



I'LL STAND THEM OFF!

WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!

WE'RE MAKING GOOD TIME!

HOME... HERE I COME!



SAY, LOIS... I WON'T EVER BE ABLE TO EAT CRAB MEAT AGAIN!

OH, BOLTIE, YOU'RE CUTE!

SAFELY BACK IN LUZON, BLUE BOLT TELLS HIS STORY!

SPLENDID WORK, BLUE BOLT! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THOSE NATIVES

WE ONLY DID WHAT ANY REAL AMERICAN WOULD HAVE DONE, SIR!

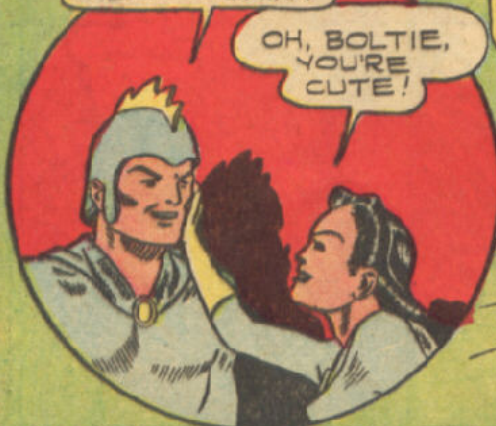
BOLTIE! DON'T EVER CALL ME THAT AGAIN! BAH! BUT CONFIDENTIALLY, I LOVE IT!

SPINE-
TINGLING
THRILLS!

AWAIT
YOU IN THE
NEXT ISSUE

of **BLUE BOLT**
COMICS!

KEEP YOUR EYES
OPEN... FOR
BLUE BOLT,
THE AMERICAN!



GET AWAY FROM MY BOAT WITH THEM MINES. THEY IS LOADED, AND MIGHT GO OFF. **GIT**, I SAY!

SHALL I PULL TH' TRIGGER, CAP'N? HUH? SHALL I??

13

KRISKO AND JASPER

WE SURRENDER!
PLEASE LET US
COME ABOARD!

**AHOY!
SKIPPER!**

KRISKO AND JASPER JUMPED OFF THE SUBMARINE AND SWAM OVER TO AN ENEMY BATTLE-WAGON, DESTROYED IT, AND ARE NOW TRYING TO GET BACK ABOARD THEIR BOAT, No. 13, BUT THE COMMANDER THINKS THEY ARE FIFTH COLUMNISTS, AND REFUSES TO TAKE THEM ON BOARD AGAIN!

JACK A. WARREN.

IF'N THESE MINES WUSN'T ANCHORED DOWN -- WE COULD SAIL AWAY UNDER OUR OWN POWER -- **BUT** --

THE DAHGONED
THING IS AS
HARD TO RIDE
AS A BUCKING
BRONCHO!

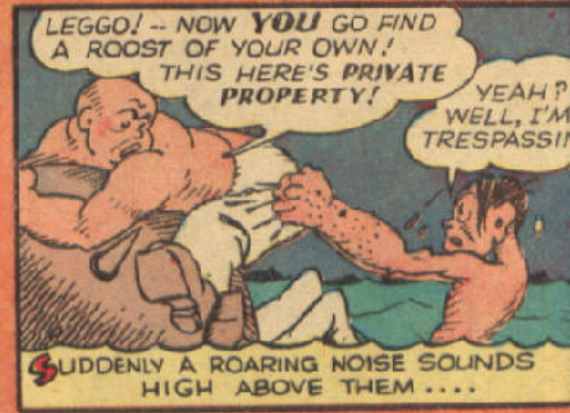
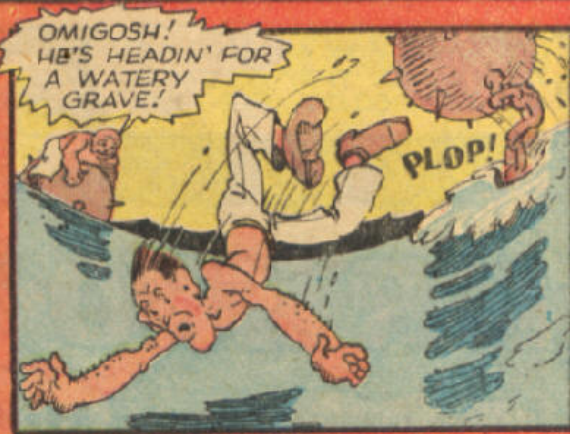
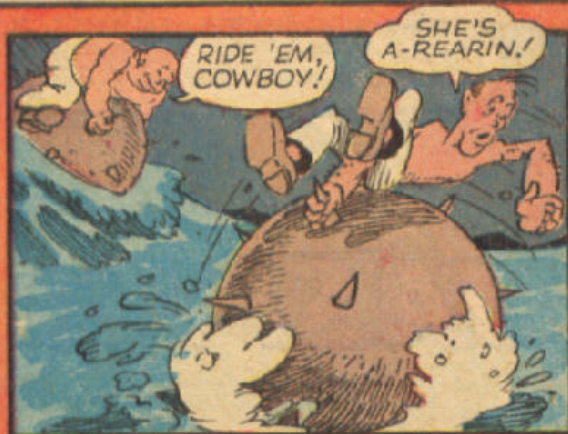
GLUB!

GO FIND A SEA-GOIN'
HORSE OF YOUR OWN.
THIS CAN OF GUN-
POWDER WON'T
RIDE DOUBLE!

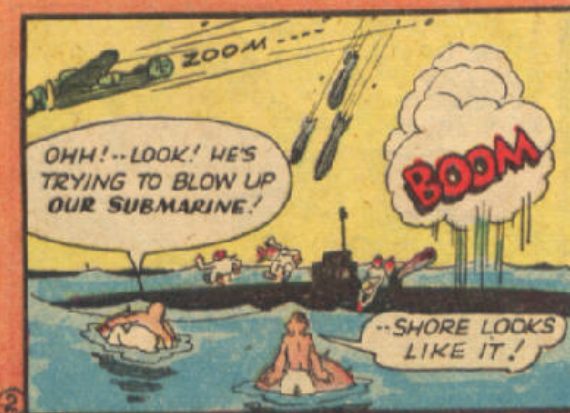
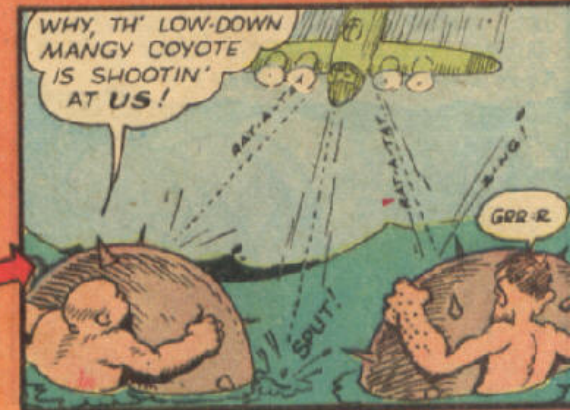
SOCK!

WHY, YOU LOP-EARED
SON OF A KNOCK-KNEED
MULE --- I MIGHTA
GONE TO A WATERY
GRAVE!

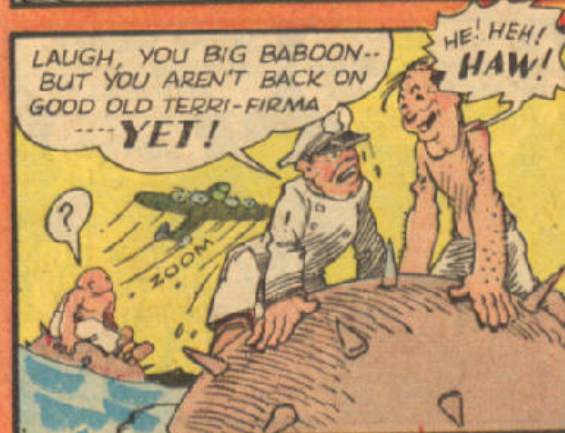
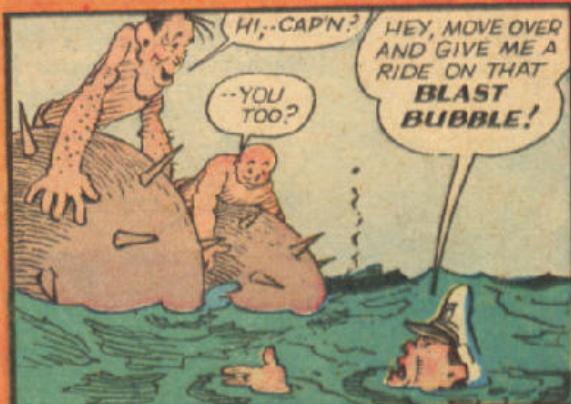
SO
WHAT
?



SUDDENLY A ROARING NOISE SOUNDS HIGH ABOVE THEM ...



--SHORE LOOKS LIKE IT!





JINX HEAP



BY
MICKEY SPILLANE

AS SLIM HINES ROLLED the midget racer onto the track, the crowd in the bowl let out a roar of laughter.

"Jinx!" a raucous voice called.

"Say your prayers, kid!" someone else yelled. "It's a coffin on wheels!"

Slim gulped. He was new to the midget racing game and hadn't known what he was letting himself in for until a short time ago. That afternoon he had ridden to the dusty track on his old motorcycle, and drawn up alongside a funny-looking job with a circle "12" on its tail, and a grimy, disgusted-looking fellow bending over the motor. The man looked up and pushed his hat back. "Brother," he said to Slim, "I'd trade this heap for anything with a workable engine."

"Fooling?" Slim grinned.

"Nope!"

"Mister, you've made a trade!"

Slim understood now, why the man had smiled so broadly when he said slowly, "I sure have!"—And the transaction was made on the spot. Before he drove away, the fellow looked back. "By the way, this is an *outlaw* track. You can drive anything, anytime, here."

His ability to make "anything" run was Slim's pride and joy, but it took him nearly six hours to get even a cough out of the Circle 12, and when he'd finally

gotten it running, more or less steadily, it was nearly race time!

Then the wise cracks had started. "Big John" Purcell, the ace of the drivers, came over.

"Well, well, look what we have here! The last time this load got in a race it took a week-end to locate all the parts!" The group of drivers that had gathered around, snickered.

"Remember the time the bailing wire broke and the motor buried itself in the track?" One guy laughed. "That was rich!"

"Yeah," said another, "once over in Gurfield, the gears slipped into reverse when they were starting her and the kick-back jammed up a whole line and broke a pusher's arm."

Seeing that Slim was annoyed by this, Big John turned to the others. "Let's leave him to his troubles, boys, and tune up. We go on in ten minutes!"

By this time, Slim had the motor purring nicely, and he asked a couple of local lads to help him push.

"Sure," one answered, "if you don't think it'll come apart before it reaches the track." Slim stepped back and looked at the car. Light blue in color—the chromium trim was a little rusty—a fan-tail gave it a smooth look, and the Circle 12 on the blunt snout might make anyone think it was a class "A" job. "Say, what is the matter with this

buggy anyway?" One of the boys looked at him strangely.

"Well, nothing exactly, 'cepting it always comes apart! Seems like a crackpot, who works for a junkie, made it out of a couple dozen wrecks he picked up around the tracks."

"That ain't all," the other lad put in, "She's a contrary cuss, when she stays together she won't go, and when she goes she won't stay together!"

TIME TESTS START

WELL," SLIM SIGHED, "LET'S GO out and get the trials over with." They pushed the car on the runway and ran it out. The other drivers, who waited to take the trial run, laughed with the crowd.

Big John, leaning on the pit rail, sneered. "Keep outa my way, bum, or I'll run over you!"

That was all that Slim needed. "Listen, pipsqueak," he snapped, "one funny move from you and I'll climb this jalopy right over your frame!—Maybe you're the big apple around here, but, I don't know about it... so, if you have any brains left in that big head of yours, stay on your own side of the track!" The crowd in

A JINX RODE THE **CIRCLE 12** -- TILL SLIM HINES POPPED IN AND UNSEATED IT!

the stands heard this, and never having taken to Purcell because of his nasty driving, gave Slim a big hand.

"That's cleaning his plow for him," one spectator shouted, "tell him where to get off!" Billy, one of Slim's pushers took him by the arm.

"Listen, mister, Big John's gonna go for you out there, sure as shootin', so watch your step! Nobody can tell him off like that without him getting it back!"

"Thanks, Billy, I'll be watching."

How he got through the trials, Slim never knew. Twice, he almost went through the rail, and once, in the backstretch, he skidded completely around. But, his nerve carried him in, and he made the main event by a tenth of a second.

The announcer was calling for places. Slim found himself fifth, on the inside. He crawled into the tiny bucket and, like a huge snake, the line crawled off. One by one, the engines coughed into life and, so did the engine of the Circle 12. The cars idled around the track twice, and then the starter's flag came down. *The race was on!*

THE WHIRL BEGINS

BIG JOHN, WHO WAS ON the rail, jumped ahead, and through the dust and smoke at the first turn, Slim found himself in seventh place. For, in the mad

swirl around the first turn, three cars had skidded to the outside and had gone through the rail! He held his position for two laps when, without warning, his radiator fell off!

"Well," Slim thought, "I won't have to worry about my cooling system now!" But, on the next lap the wind got under the hood and, before he knew it, Slim saw his hood go sailing into the infield. The driver on his outside seemed a bit anxious, wondering whether or not it was safe to take a chance and pass. Slim, by this time, was plenty disgusted, he was getting nowhere fast, and, losing his racer piece by piece!

Suddenly, out of the corner of his eye, Slim spied Big John pulling up along side of him, and his disgust turned to anger. "Dog-gone if that guy'll pass me!" He jammed his foot down hard on the gas and fairly flew into the turn! When he came out of it, he looked behind and almost fell out of his seat, half his tail assembly was missing, and Big John was still alongside of him. He saw Big John's front wheel pulling in dangerously close, and he knew Big John was trying to run him off the track. Down went his foot on the gas again, this time *all the way*. Twice he was bumped by Big John, and each time his luck held. He saw Big John pulling in to hit him again, and the car, as if suddenly finding itself, shot ahead! At the same time, he heard a wrenching sound. He gave a quick look around, saw with a start that Big John's last bump had knocked off the remaining part

of his tail, but Big John went through the rail, himself, and piled up for the day!

SLIM GOES WILD

FROM THE GRANDSTAND it looked as though Slim had suddenly gone speed-crazy. He whipped around the turns like a madman, and flew down the stretches. Slowly, he caught up to the leader and skidded around him. In the final stretch he ripped by like a house afire. His crazy jalopy was humming a new song of power. Ridiculous as he looked, sitting strapped in an almost bodyless motor on wheels, he was *first* when the checkered flag came down!

He made his extra lap as did all the rest of the cars, but for some reason or other, made *ten more* before he finally slowed up and stopped in the backstretch. A crowd of pitmen rushed over to, greet him. After the handshakes, one looked at him quizzically. "But *why* all the extra laps, bud?"

Slim grinned, "Well, the last time I was bumped, the gas throttle stuck and the breaks no longer worked, so I *had* to let it rip until I ran out of juice!"

"How come you didn't throw off the switch, mister?" Someone asked.

"OH—Never thought of that!" Slim grinned—sheepishly!

THE END

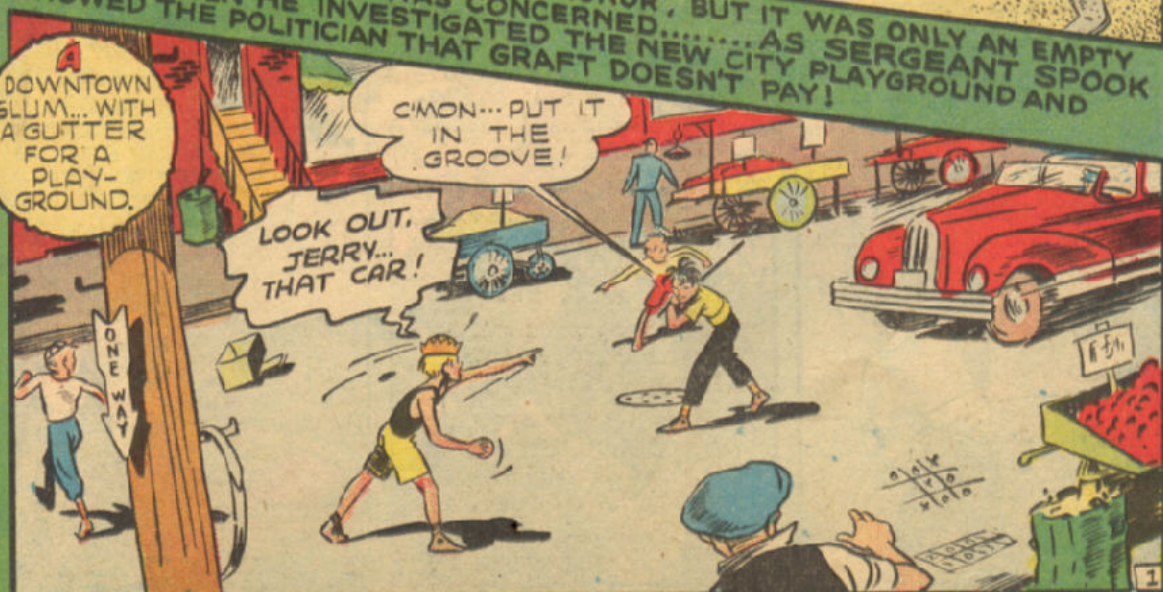


THEY CALLED THE MAYOR "HIS HONOR", BUT IT WAS ONLY AN EMPTY PHRASE, AS FAR AS HE WAS CONCERNED..... AS SERGEANT SPOOK PROVED WHEN HE INVESTIGATED THE NEW CITY PLAYGROUND AND SHOWED THE POLITICIAN THAT GRAFT DOESN'T PAY!

A DOWNTOWN SLUM... WITH A GUTTER FOR A PLAYGROUND.

C'MON... PUT IT IN THE GROOVE!

LOOK OUT, JERRY... THAT CAR!



THE BIG CAR BEARS DOWN ON THE BOY, SERGEANT SPOOK SUDDENLY ARRIVES....



WHEN YOU PLAY IN THE STREETS, SONNY, KEEP ONE EYE ON THE BALL AND THE OTHER ONE ON THE TRAFFIC!



A POMPUS, WELL-UPHOLSTERED GENTLEMAN ALIGHTS FROM THE CAR.

GOSH... IT'S MAYOR GRIGGS!

HAVEN'T YOU RAGA-MUFFINS GOT ANY SENSE? KEEP OFF THE STREET IF YOU DON'T WANT TO GET HURT!



WHERE ELSE KIN WE PLAY IF YA DON'T GIVE US PLAYGROUNDS?

IMPERTINENT YOUNG WHELP!



I'LL TEACH YOU TO GET FRESH WITH THE MAYOR OF THIS GREAT CITY!

PUT UP YER DUKES...



PICK ON SOMEONE YOUR SIZE!



TAKE A RIDE, HYPOCRITE AND NEXT TIME GO SLOWLY!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S KNOCKING DE MAYOR AROUND, BUT IT'S OKAY BY ME!



THE MAYOR GONE, SPOOK GRABS JERRY'S ARM.



WHERE ARE YOU GOING, JERRY?

DON'T ASK ME...
I'M BEING
DRAGGED!

I WANTED SOME
PRIVACY!

HEY! WHAT KIND
OF A GAG
IS THIS?



IT'S NO GAG, JERRY...
YOU SEE...I'M
A GHOST!

I DON'T SEE
NUTTIN' C'MON
SPILL IT! IS DERE
A HIDDEN
MICROPHONE
LIKE DE G-MEN
USE IN DE
MOVIES?



NO...IT'S JUST THAT
YOU'RE **PSYCHIC**.

G'WAN! I NEVER
WAS SICK IN
ME LIFE!
I STILL SAY
IT WAS A
GAG!

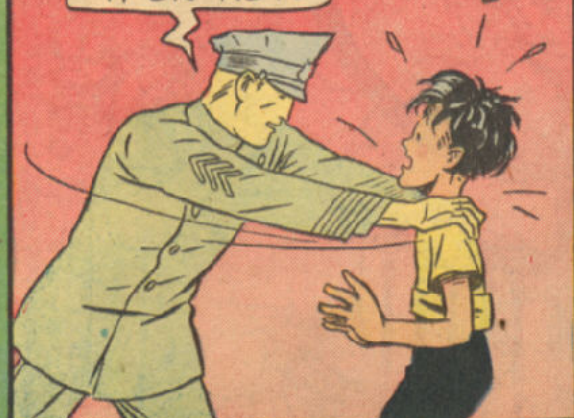


WAIT A MINUTE...WHO
SAVED YOUR LIFE?

DAT'S RIGHT! SOME-
THIN' GRABBED ME!
AW! MAYBE IT
WAS ONE OF
THE BOYS!



IN EXACTLY ONE SECOND
I'M GOING TO PROVE
THERE ARE SUCH THINGS
AS GHOSTS... BELIEVE
IT OR NOT!



YOU'LL HAVE TO
ADMIT A HIDDEN MICROPHONE
COULDN'T DO THIS!

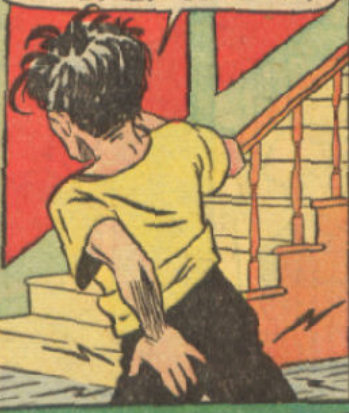


YEOW!
STOP!

NOW DO YOU BELIEVE ME?



OKAY...OKAY! YOU'RE A GHOST, AND I'M SYKEY...SO WHAT?



MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU KIDS GET A PLAYGROUND, LISTEN...

SAY...DAT AIN'T A BAD IDEA!



The SCHEME EVOLVED BY SERGEANT SPOOK AND JERRY, WINDS UP IN A FRENZIED CANVASS OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD...

DIS IS A PETITION FER A PLAYGROUND. WILL'YA SIGN IT BUD?



SURE! JUST PUT DOWN AN X!

IT'S ABOUT TIME SOMEONE HAD THE SENSE TO ASK FOR A PLAYGROUND.



I'LL SIGN ANYTHING BUT A PROMISSORY NOTE!



A PETITION, HUH? WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO...KNOCK OUR MAYOR?



NO... WE'RE JUST...

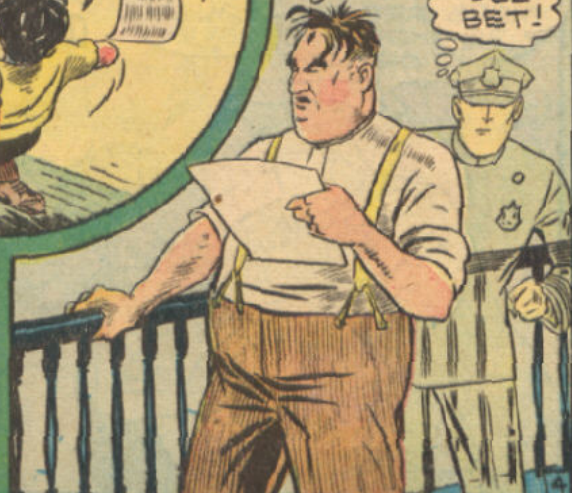
GET OUT AND STAY OUT YOU GUTTERSNIPE!

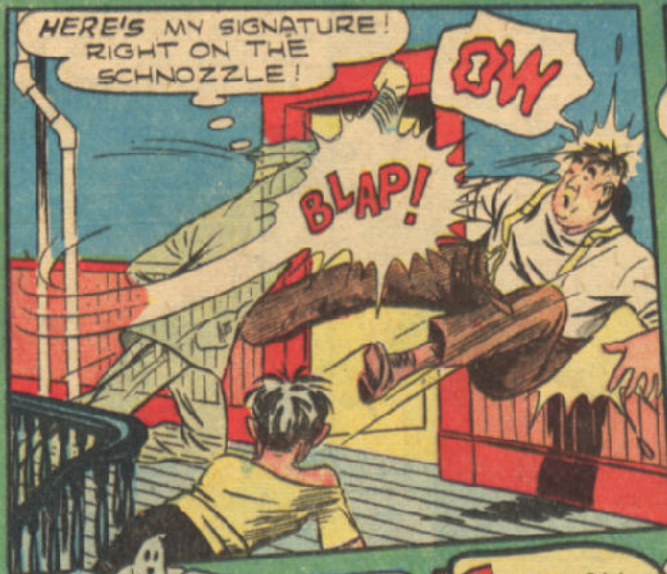


YEOW!

ANYTHING THE MAYOR'S AGAINST, I'M AGAINST. AND THAT GOES FOR THIS PETITION! I'M GOING TO RIP IT TO...

ONE OF THE MAYOR'S WARD HEELS. I'LL BET!





HERE'S MY SIGNATURE!
RIGHT ON THE
SCHNOZZLE!

BLAP!

OH



GO TO IT JERRY, I'M
STILL WITH YOU!

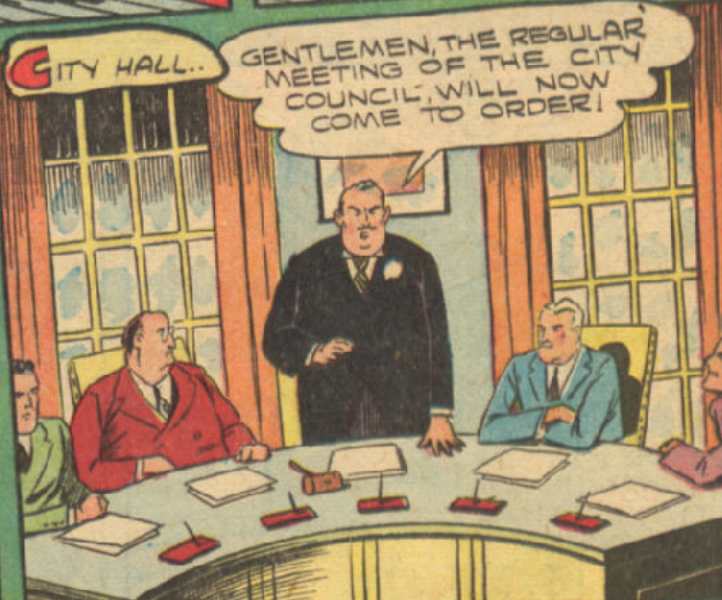
T'ANKS
GHOSTEY,
OLD
KID!



LATER.

HELLO, MAYOR...
THIS IS LANG
I WANNA TID
YOU OFF. SOME
KIDS ARE GETTIN'
UP A PETITION FOR
A PLAYGROUND!

OH, YEAH?
I'LL TAKE
CARE OF
THEM!



CITY HALL..

GENTLEMEN, THE REGULAR
MEETING OF THE CITY
COUNCIL, WILL NOW
COME TO ORDER!



HEY, MAYOR!
WE GOT A PETITION
WID FIVE HUNDRED
SIGNATURES DEMANDIN'
A PLAYGROUND!

HOW DARE YOU INTER-
RUPT THIS MEETING? DON'T
YOU KNOW THAT
CHILDREN ARE NOT...



PIPE DOWN AND LET
SOMEONE
ELSE TALK



SUDDENLY, HARRIS, PO-
LITICAL OPPONENT OF
THE MAYOR, RISES...

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER
THE MAYOR IS TONGUE-
TIED OR NOT, BUT I
MOVE THE PETITION
BE APPROVED!

GLUB
GLUB!



ALL THOSE IN
FAVOR OF THE PLAY-
GROUND SAY AYE...
ALL THOSE AGAINST-
SAY NO!



AYE!

NO!

NO!

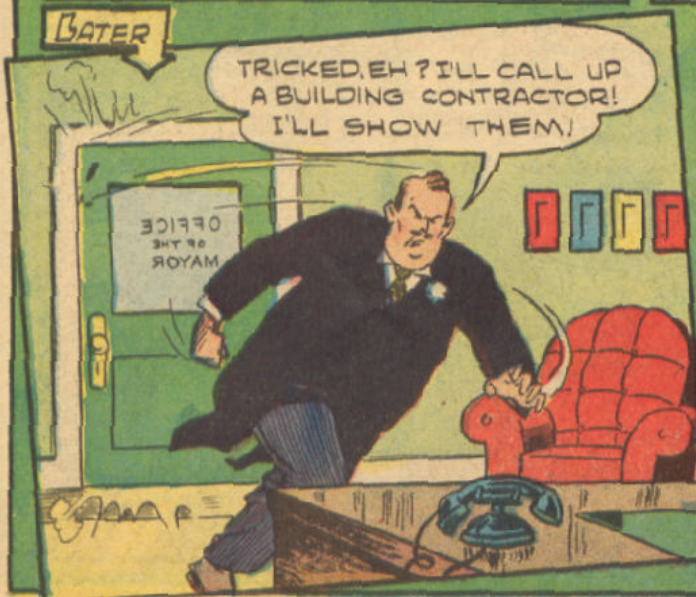
AYE!



A TIE VOTE, TO BE
DECIDED BY THE
MAYOR!

A NOD IS AS
GOOD AS AN
"AYE"!

THANK YOU, MAYOR!
THE PLAYGROUND
PROJECT IS
APPROVED!



LATER

TRICKED, EH? I'LL CALL UP
A BUILDING CONTRACTOR!
I'LL SHOW THEM!



I WANT YOU TO BUILD THE
PLAYGROUND, SEE?
PUT A LOTTA SAND
IN THE CEMENT!

USE CHEAP MATERIALS
AND WE'LL SOAK
THE CITY TO THE HILT!
WE CAN WHACK UP
THE GRAFT, LATER!

BLOOD MONEY, EH?
WELL, I'LL SUR-
PRISE HIM!



AT LAST, THE PLAYGROUND IS COMPLETED!

...AND SO, MOTHERS, THROUGH MY
EFFORTS, YOUR CHILDREN
CAN PLAY WITHOUT FEAR
OF BEING HIT BY
AUTOMOBILES!

HOORAY FOR
MAYOR
GRIGGS!

"HIS EFFORTS!"
THE
HYPOCRITE!

YIPPEE

'RAY FOR DE
NEW
PLAYGROUND!



AND NOW, AS I OPEN
THIS GATE, I WANT YOU
TO REMEMBER...A VOTE
FOR ME IS A VOTE FOR
BIGGER AND BETTER
PLAYGROUNDS!



THIS ISN'T ELECTION DAY! JERRY!
KEEP EVERYONE OUT! YOU'LL
UNDERSTAND LATER!

HEY?



DAT GHOST GUN IS DE
LIMIT! FIRST HE TELLS US
HOW TO GET A PLAYGROUND,
DEN HE SLAMS DE
GATE IN OUR FACES!

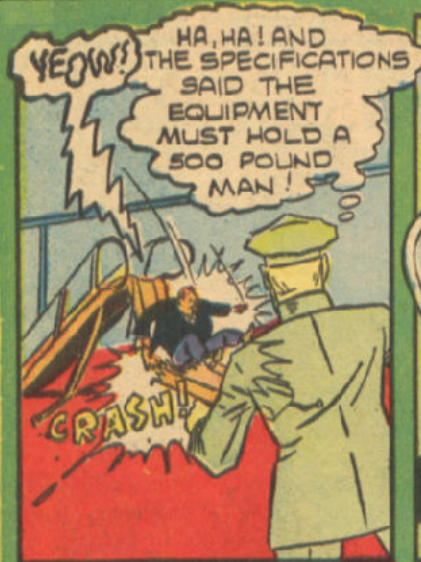


SERGEANT SPOOK DRAGS THE
MAYOR TO A SLIDE...

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO
ME? LEGGO
MY COLLAR!

HOLD YOUR BREATH,
BECAUSE YOU'RE
GOING FOR A
R-I-D-E-!





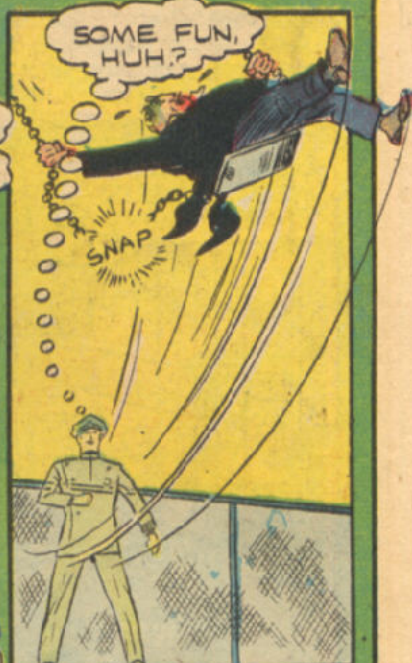
YEOW!

HA, HA! AND THE SPECIFICATIONS SAID THE EQUIPMENT MUST HOLD A 500 POUND MAN!



HALP, SOMETHING'S GRABBING ME

DON'T FRET, MAYOR. I'M JUST GIVING YOU A TASTE OF YOUR PHO NEY EQUIPMENT!



SOME FUN, HUH?



THE SWING CHAIN BROKE... EEOW!

COME HERE, JERRY. I WANT YOU TO DO SOME INTERPRETING!



MAKE HIM TALK, JERRY!

SPILL THE TRUTH, MAYOR! WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE PLAYGROUND? IF YOU DON'T ANSWER, YOU'LL GET WORSE!

I-I'LL TALK! WE USED CHEAPER MATERIAL THAN THE PLANS CALLED FOR... AND POCKETED THE PROFITS!



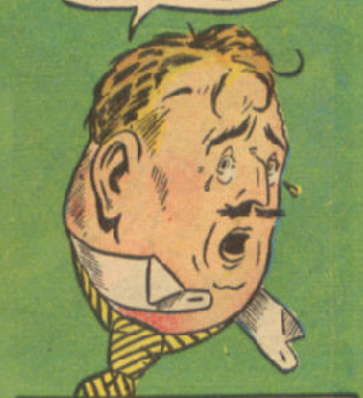
LYNCH THE GRAFTER!

CALM DOWN, FOLKS! WE'LL BUILD A REAL PLAYGROUND AS SOON AS THE MAYOR IS PUT BEHIND BARS!



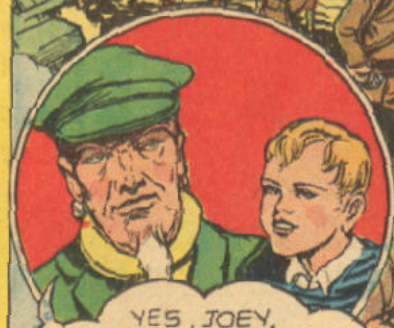
JUST A LITTLE RIDE, MAYOR... THE LAST STOP IS JAIL!

THAT'S TELLIN' 'EM, GHOSTEY!



UNCANNY
CHILLING
WEIRD
But...
FUNNY!
ANOTHER ADVENTURE
with
SERGEANT SPOOK
IN THE NEXT BLUE BOLT

OLD CAP HAWKINS' TALES

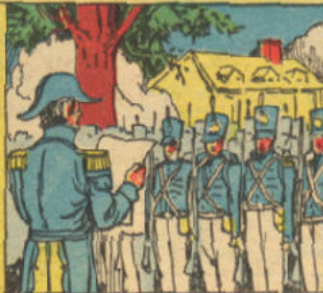


YES, JOEY, ALMOST ALL THE GREAT FIGHTING ORGANIZATIONS OF OUR ARMY HAVE MOTTOS EXPRESSING THEIR FIGHTING SPIRIT TO PROTECT AMERICAN IDEALS. TAKE THE FAMOUS OLD 9TH INFANTRY... THEIRS WAS.....

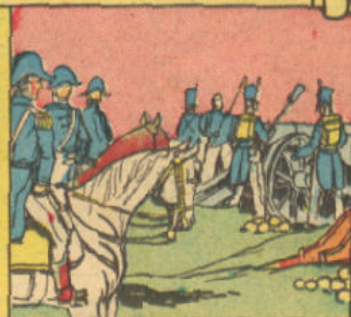
"Keep up the FIRE"



IN 1798 IT APPEARED THAT WE MIGHT HAVE TO GO TO WAR AGAINST THE NEW FRENCH REPUBLIC.



SO IN 1798 THE 9TH REGIMENT WAS MUSTERED INTO THE UNITED STATES ARMY. HOWEVER, THERE WAS NO WAR.



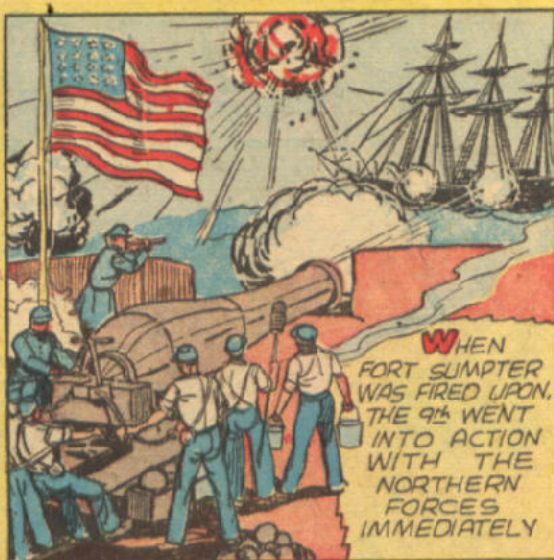
IN 1812, THE U.S. DECLARED WAR ON ENGLAND. THE 9TH WAS PLACED AT LUNDY'S LANE.

ON A SEPTEMBER MORNING THE 9TH ENGAGED THE BRITISH AND DEFEATED THEM.



IN THE FAR WEST, THE 9TH FOUGHT THE INDIANS IN THEIR OWN STYLE!

THE SOLDIERS EVEN COLLECTED SCALPS AND BECAME ACCUSTOMED TO USING INDIAN WEAPONS.

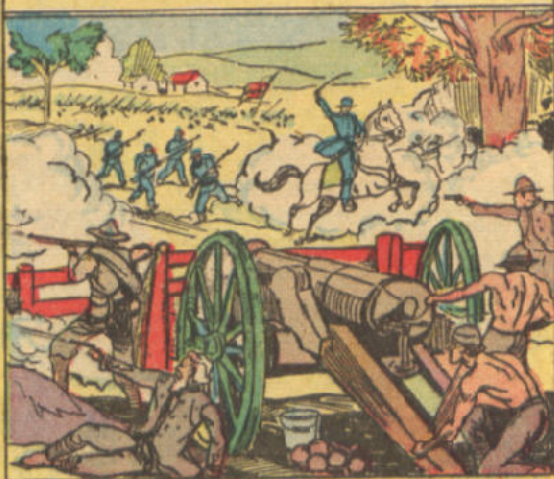


WHEN FORT SUMPTER WAS FIRED UPON, THE 9th WENT INTO ACTION WITH THE NORTHERN FORCES IMMEDIATELY

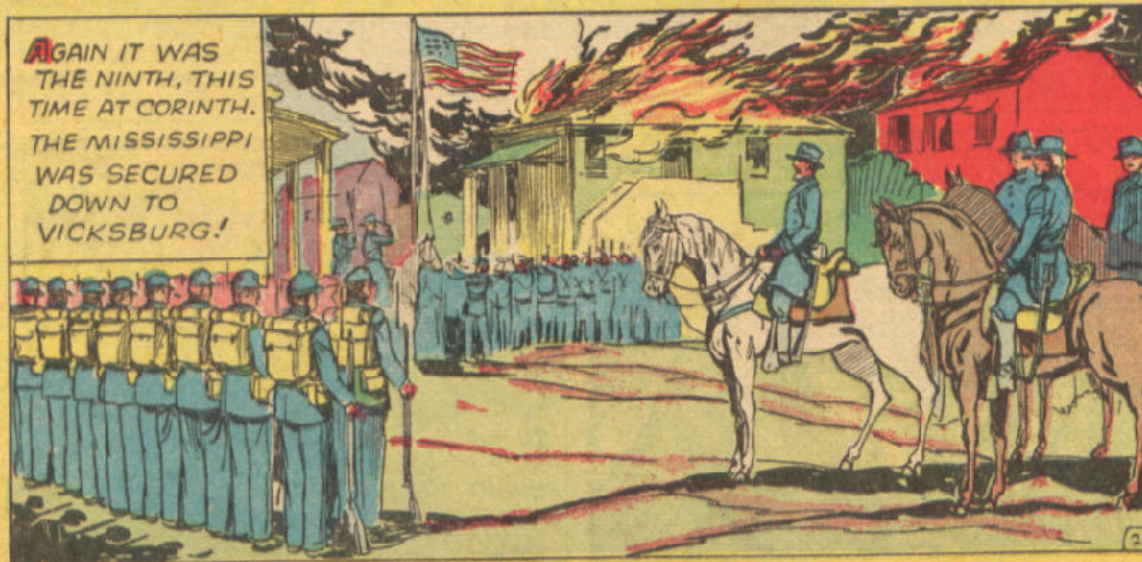
AT THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM, THE NINTH HELPED TO STOP LEE'S ATTEMPT TO CARRY THE WAR TO THE NORTH.



IT WAS THE NINTH THAT HELPED WIN THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.



AGAIN IT WAS THE NINTH, THIS TIME AT CORINTH. THE MISSISSIPPI WAS SECURED DOWN TO VICKSBURG!



DURING THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR, THE NINTH AGAIN RESORTED TO GUERILLA TACTICS TO RESTORE ORDER.



MANY DIED BUT THE REGIMENT HELD ON.



LATER IN THE WAR, THE NINTH WAS SENT TO THE PHILIPPINES.



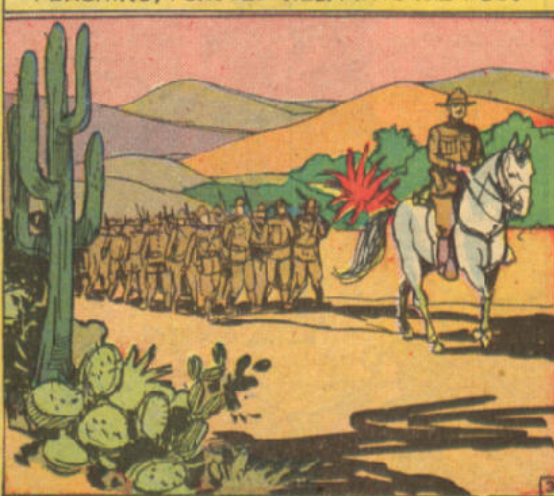
ON NORTH SHORE BEACH, THE 9th CLEARED OUT HUNDREDS OF THE ENEMY. DURING THE INSURRECTION IT WON SIX BATTLE HONORS!



IN 1900, THE 9th SAILED TO CHINA WITH THE U.S. RELIEF EXPEDITION AND ENTERED TIENTSIN UNDER FIRE.



IN THE MEXICAN INCIDENT, THE NINTH, LED BY PERSHING, PURSUED VILLA INTO MEXICO.

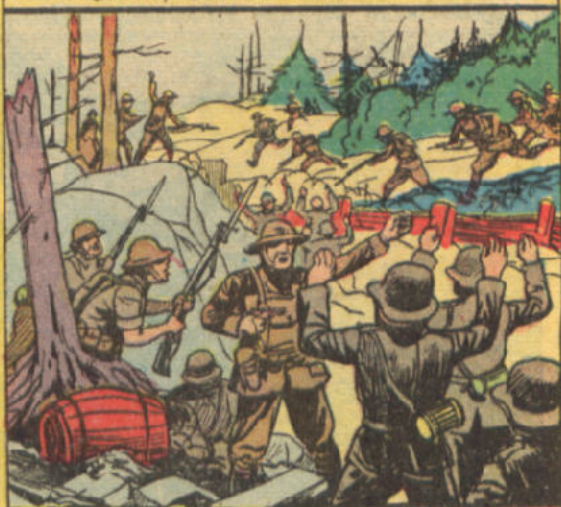


KEEP UP THE FIRE!

AND AT PEKING THE COURAGEOUS 9TH INFANTRY EARNED ITS MOTTO GIVEN BY ITS VALIANT COMMANDER, COLONEL RISCO, AS HE DIED ON THE BATTLEFIELD....



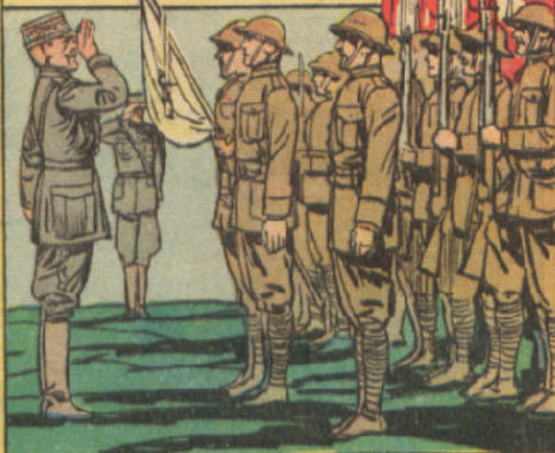
"OVER THERE" THE 9TH WAS IN THE THICK OF IT, CONSTANTLY.



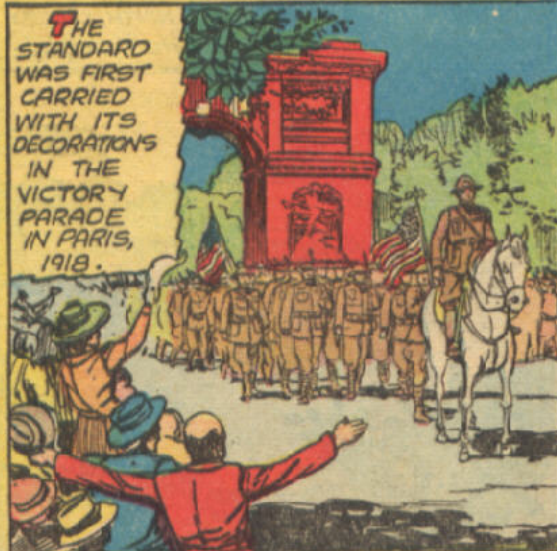
THE AMERICANS RELIEVED THE FRENCH AND BRITISH, WORN OUT AFTER THREE YEARS OF FIGHTING.



THEY WON THE FRENCH CROIX DE GUERRE WITH TWO PALMS -- FOR VALOR!



THE STANDARD WAS FIRST CARRIED WITH ITS DECORATIONS IN THE VICTORY PARADE IN PARIS, 1918.



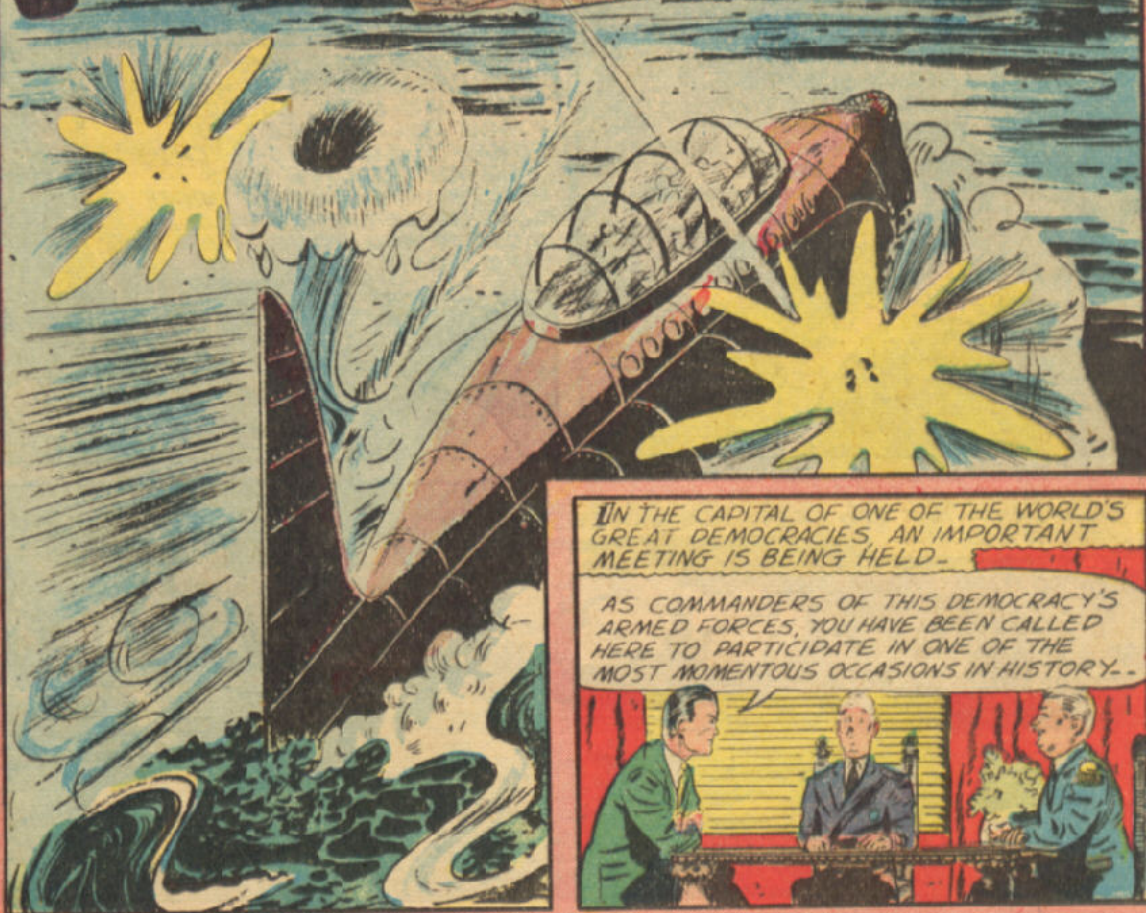
TODAY, AT FORT SAM HOUSTON, THE GAL-LANT 9TH IS TRAINING A NEW GENERATION OF AMERICANS TO DEFEND OUR COUNTRY AND ITS IDEALS!



THE

FOS

PHANTOM SUB



IN THE CAPITAL OF ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT DEMOCRACIES AN IMPORTANT MEETING IS BEING HELD -

AS COMMANDERS OF THIS DEMOCRACY'S ARMED FORCES, YOU HAVE BEEN CALLED HERE TO PARTICIPATE IN ONE OF THE MOST MOMENTOUS OCCASIONS IN HISTORY -



ALONG WITH OUR GLORIOUS LEADER, YOU WILL MEET WITH THE LEADERS OF THE WORLD'S ONLY OTHER GREAT DEMOCRACY! THE TOTALITARIAN POWERS **MUST** BE STOPPED AND WE HOPE THAT THIS MEETING CAN BRING ABOUT A MEANS OF DOING IT!

WHERE IS THIS MEETING TO BE HELD?



MEANWHILE - OUTSIDE THE DOOR -

IT IS TO BE HELD ABOARD WARSHIPS 300 MILES DUE EAST OFF THE COAST OF LABROS ISLAND -

HMMM, THE FATHERLAND WILL TREASURE THIS BIT OF NEWS! I MUST SEND IT AT ONCE!



THE SPY'S MESSAGE REACHES THE
TOTALITARIAN POWERS--

COMRADES, GREAT NEWS HAS REACHED
ME FROM ONE OF OUR SECRET AGENTS!
THE TWO GREAT DEMOCRACIES
ARE HOLDING A MEETING
TO PLOT OUR DOWNFALL--

I FAIL TO SEE
HOW THEIR PLOTTING--
OUR DOWNFALL IS
GREAT NEWS!



IF MY VENERABLE ALLY WILL STOP MAKING
SNAP JUDGEMENTS, I WILL EXPLAIN--
THIS MEETING WILL BRING TOGETHER ALL
THE LEADERS OF OUR ENEMIES-- WE
KNOW THE EXACT PLACE AT SEA THAT
IT IS TO BE HELD-- WITH ONE SWOOP
WE CAN WIPE THEM
ALL OUT!

I SEE!
HAVE YOU
A PLAN?



I HAVE! IT WAS DEVISED BY OUR
COUNTRY'S LEADING SCIENTIST, DR.
FRAUD, WHO WILL EXPLAIN IT
TO YOU!

THANK YOU, HERR
COMMANDER, IT IS
INDEED AN HONOR
FOR ME!

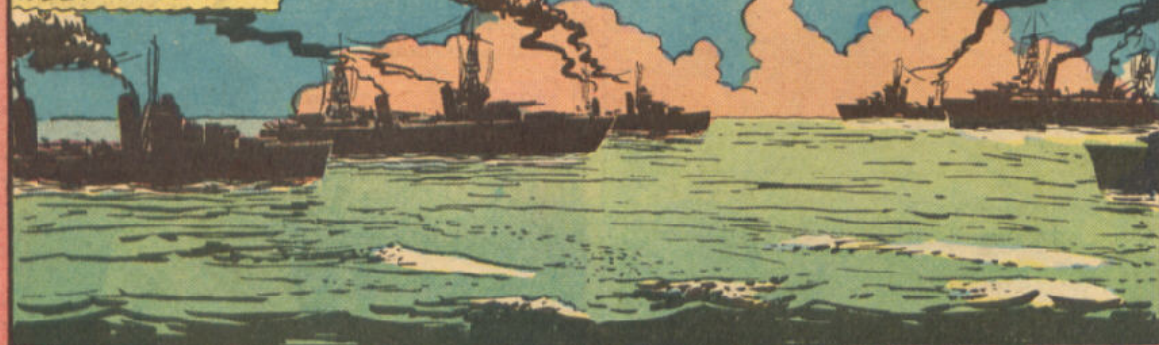


WE KNOW THAT WHEN OUR
ENEMIES MEET THEY WILL HAVE
A STRONG NAVAL ESCORT--
I HAVE BUILT A FLEET OF
DUMMY SUBMARINES WHICH WE
WILL USE TO LURE THIS
ESCORT AWAY. THEN OUR GREAT
FLEET OF SUBMARINES WILL
CLOSE IN AND **POUF!** WE
HAVE WON!

BRAVO!



SO UNAWARE OF THE DIRE PLOT AFOOT, THE
LEADERS OF THE TWO GREAT DEMOCRACIES
MEET AT SEA--



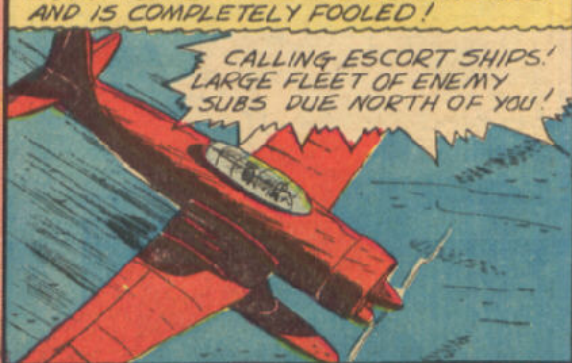
MEANWHILE, THE TOTALITARIAN POWERS
SET THE BAIT IN THEIR TRAP--

THAT'S THE LAST OF THE
DUMMY SUBS! **SUBMERGE AND
JOIN FLEET FOR
ATTACK!**



SHORTLY AFTER THE TRAP IS SET, A
SCOUT PLANE SPOTS THE DUMMY SUBS
AND IS COMPLETELY FOOLED!

CALLING ESCORT SHIPS!
LARGE FLEET OF ENEMY
SUBS DUE NORTH OF YOU!



A SCOUT PLANE HAS SPOTTED ENEMY SUBS DUE NORTH, SIR!

OUR LEADERS ARE IN DIRE PERIL! DISPATCH THE DESTROYERS TO THAT SPOT!



THE DESTROYERS STEAM AWAY TO MEET THE SUPPOSED MENACE... LEAVING THE SHIP ABOARD WHICH THE DEMOCRATIC LEADERS ARE MEETING, VIRTUALLY UNPROTECTED!



THE ATTACK ON THE DUMMY SUBMARINES BEGINS!

STEADY, FIRE!

DEPTH-CHARGE CREWS TO STATIONS!



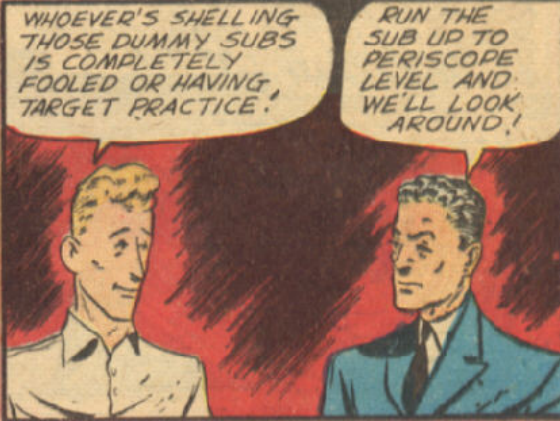
NOW THE EVERCRUISING PHANTOM SUB COMES ONTO THE SCENE --

HEY, LOOK! THOSE SUBS AREN'T REAL! THEY'RE MADE OF WOOD AND ANCHORED TO THE BOTTOM, JUST BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE WATER!

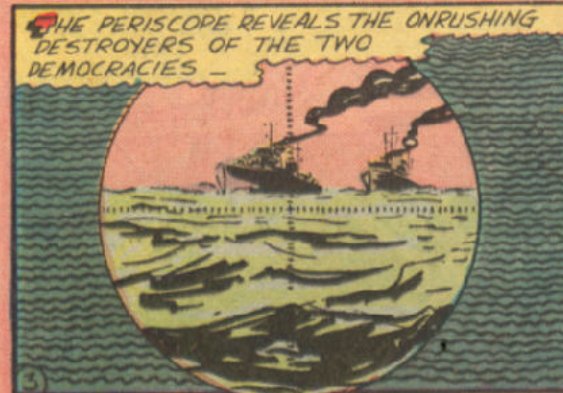


WHOEVER'S SHELLING THOSE DUMMY SUBS IS COMPLETELY FOOLED OR HAVING TARGET PRACTICE!

RUN THE SUB UP TO PERISCOPE LEVEL AND WE'LL LOOK AROUND!



THE PERISCOPE REVEALS THE ONRUSHING DESTROYERS OF THE TWO DEMOCRACIES --

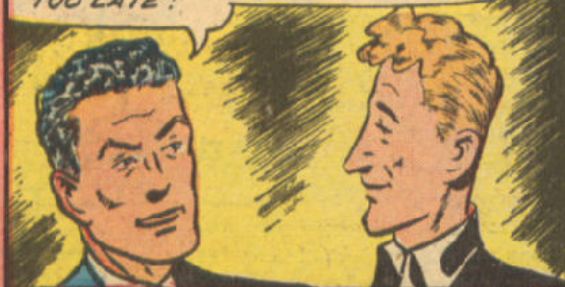


GEE, THERE'S SOMETHING BEHIND ALL THIS!

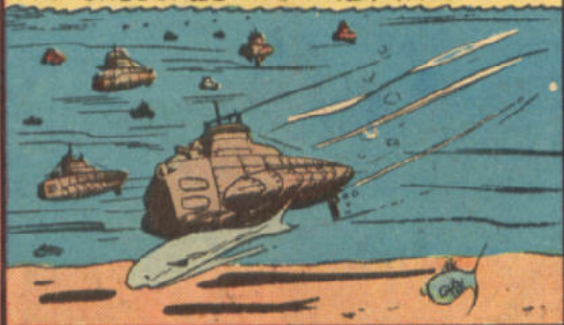
JACK! I KNOW! THIS IS THE DAY THE LEADERS OF THE TWO DEMOCRACIES ARE TO MEET AT SEA - I'LL BET THOSE DUMMY SUBS ARE A DECOY TO LURE THE DESTROYER FLEET AWAY LEAVING THE LEADERS EXPOSED TO ATTACK!



THAT MUST BE IT, SLIM. STATIONS ALL! FULL SPEED AHEAD! RADIO THOSE DESTROYERS TO TURN BACK BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!



IN THE MEANTIME - THE HUGE FLEET OF TOTALITARIAN SUBS CLOSE IN ON ITS UNSUSPECTING PREY.....



ABOARD THE PHANTOM SUB -

WE WERE RIGHT, JACK. LOOK! HUNDREDS OF TOTALITARIAN SUBS!

WOW! SOMEHOW WE'VE GOT TO HOLD THEM OFF UNTIL WE CAN GET THE FLEET BACK HERE!

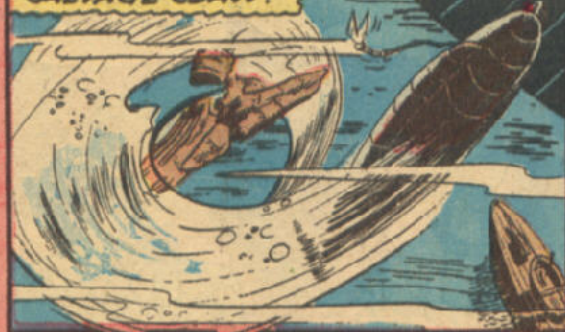


THE PHANTOM SUB PLUNGES INTO THE MIDST OF THE GREAT FLEET -

SWING OUT THE CLAW! WE'LL HAVE A BARREL OF FUN!



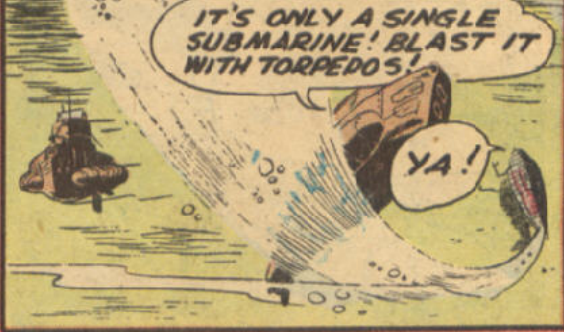
ONE AFTER ANOTHER OF THE ENEMY SUBS IS PUT OUT OF COMMISSION BY THE SAVAGE WIELDING OF THE SALVAGE CLAW!



THE UNDERSEA IS CHURNED TO A FROTH AS THE TOTALITARIAN SUBS TURN TO MEET THEIR CHALLENGER!

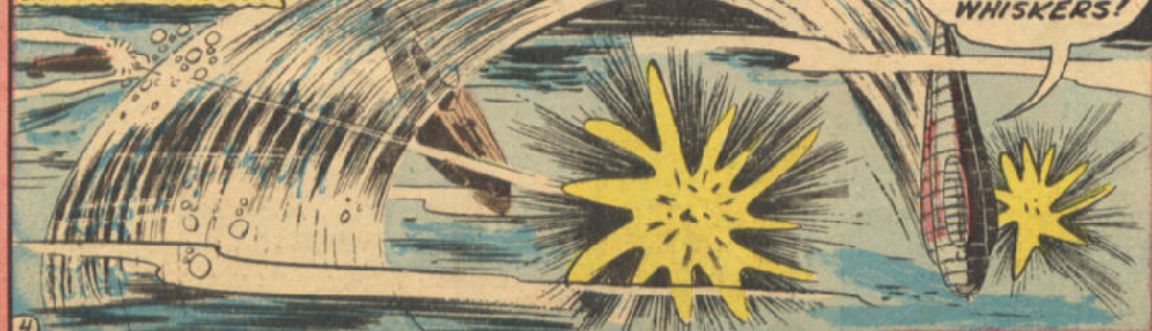
IT'S ONLY A SINGLE SUBMARINE! BLAST IT WITH TORPEDOS!

YA!



BUT THE ROLLING, TWISTING, PHANTOM SUB IS A VERY ELUSIVE TARGET!

YEEOW! THAT ONE TICKLED OUR WHISKERS!

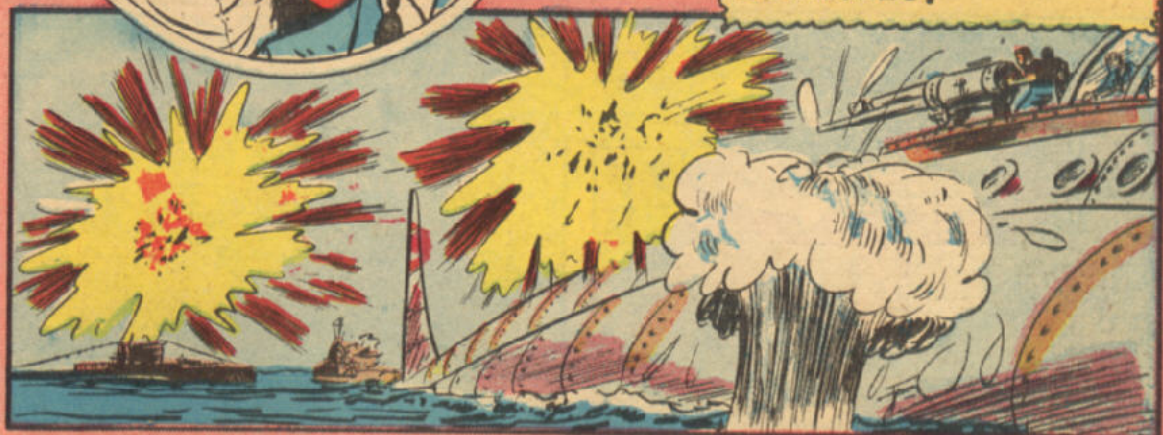


WHERE ARE ALL THOSE SUBS COMING FROM, JACK? THE MORE WE KNOCK OFF, THE MORE COME!

BUT WE'VE GOT TO KEEP GOING, SLIM! TELL SPARK'S TO KEEP TRYING TO GET THE FLEET BACK HERE!

THE PHANTOM SUB NOW SHOOTS TO THE SURFACE SO THAT THE CREW CAN BRING THE POWERFUL WATER-GUN INTO ACTION!

WHEN THEY DO, AND THE WATER-GUN CAUSES DEVASTATING DAMAGE TO THE TOTALITARIAN SUBMARINES!



BUT, OUTNUMBERED AS IT IS, THE PHANTOM SUB CANNOT HOPE TO ESCAPE DAMAGE AND SEVERAL SHELLS SCORE HITS!

KEEP THE GUN GOING! REPLACE ANY CASUALTIES!

WE'RE HIT!



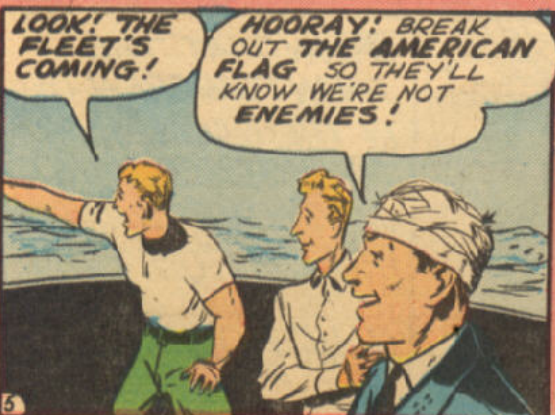
YOU WERE JUST SCRATCHED BY A SHELL-FRAGMENT, JACK - IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

WE CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER, SLIM - WHERE IS THAT FLEET?



LOOK! THE FLEET'S COMING!

HOORAY! BREAK OUT THE AMERICAN FLAG SO THEY'LL KNOW WE'RE NOT ENEMIES!



TELL SPARK'S TO KEEP RADIOING WHO WE ARE!

NO! NO! THE ENEMY SUBS ARE STARTING TO RUN AWAY!



AS THE TOTALITARIAN SUBS FLEE,
THE DESTROYERS CHASE THEM WITH
A VENGEANCE!



DEPTH CHARGES COMPLETE THE
ROUT AND THE ENEMY IS DONE!



I HAVE A MESSAGE FROM THE
FLAGSHIP JACK. THE LEADERS
OF THE DEMOCRACIES WANT US TO
COME ABOARD!

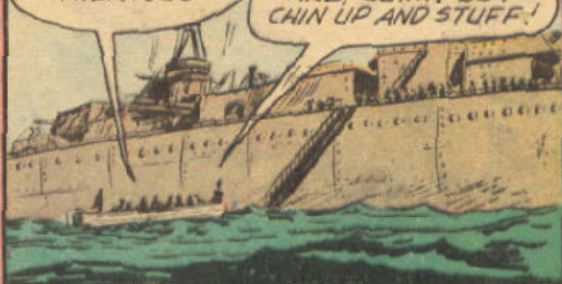
GEE, WE CERTAINLY DON'T
LOOK OUR BEST TO
BE MEETING
CELEBRITIES!



A NAVAL DINGHY SOON CARRIES THE
BOYS TO THEIR MOMENTOUS
RENDEZVOUS -

GOSH, JACK -
I'M NERVOUS!

I'M JUST AS
JITTERY AS YOU
ARE, SLIM! BUT
CHAIN UP AND STUFF!



WOW! I'VE SEEN SCENES LIKE THIS
IN THE MOVIES BUT I NEVER THOUGHT
I'D BE IN ONE!



WE WANT TO THANK YOU
MEN PERSONALLY FOR THE
GREAT SERVICE YOU HAVE
RENDERED US, AND IT
WOULD BE AN HONOR FOR
US IF WE COULD ENLIST
YOUR AID IN THE
NAVAL INTELLIGENCE!

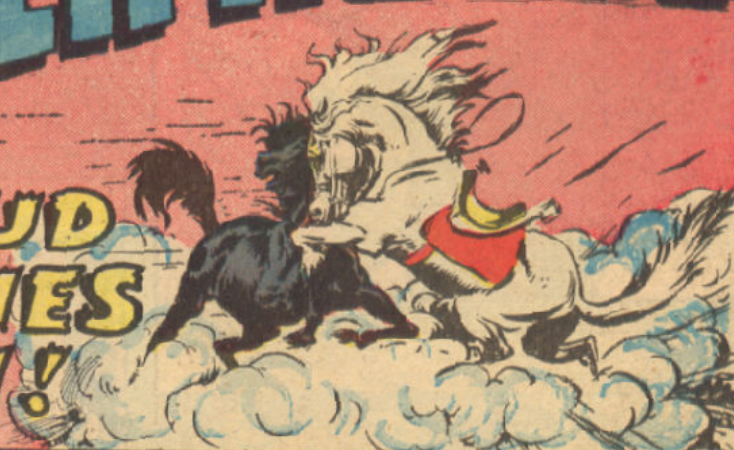
Y-YOU MEAN USE
US IN THE NAVAL
INTELLIGENCE?
W-WH-WHY SURE!
WE'D BE GLAD
TO!



**NOW THAT THE
PHANTOM CREW IS
IN THE NAVAL IN-
TELLIGENCE, WHAT
ADVENTURES AWAIT
THE PHANTOM SUB
IN
BLUE BOLT COMICS?**

The WHITE RIDER and SUPER HORSE

CLOUD CARRIES ON!

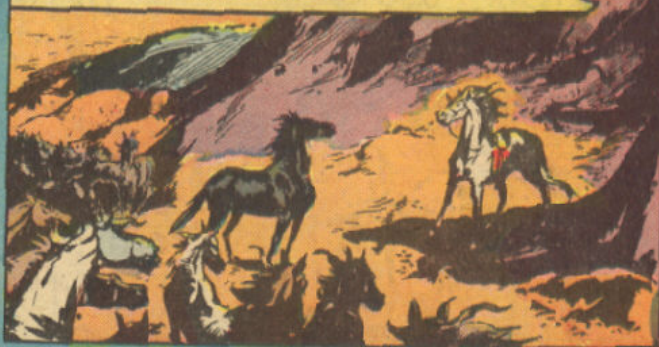


WITH WHITE RIDER LYING CRITICALLY WOUNDED IN THE HOSPITAL, **CLOUD**, THE MIGHTY SUPERHORSE CARRIES ON THE FIGHT AGAINST CRIME AND INJUSTICE.

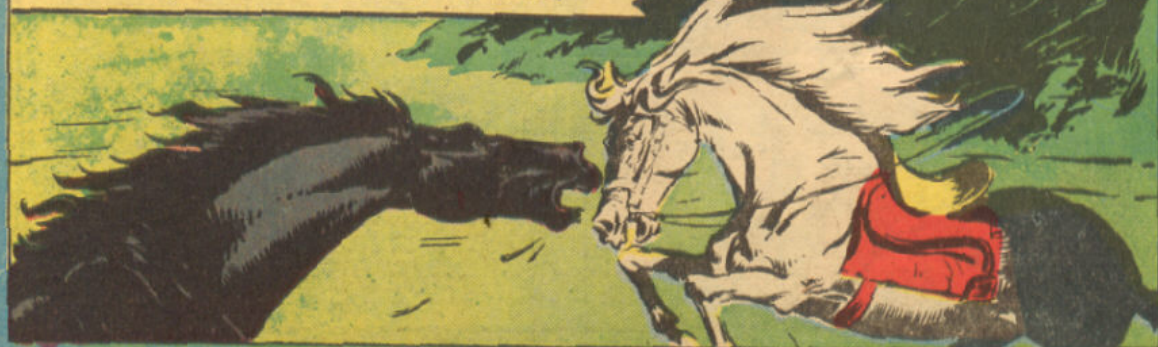
CLOUD, WITHOUT HIS MASTER, ROAMS THE HILLS, ...



IN HIS WANDERINGS, HE MEETS A HERD OF WILD HORSES, ...



THE LEADER OF THE WILD PACK ATTACKS **CLOUD**, IN THE MANNER OF HIS KIND!



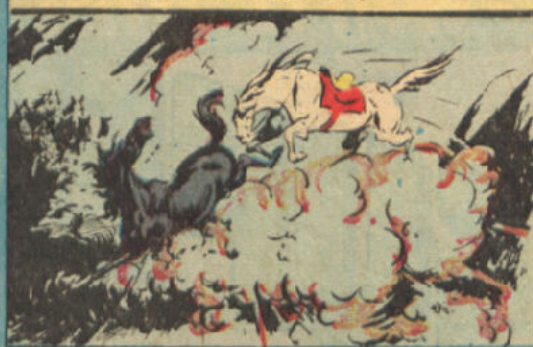
CLOUD, WITH HIS SUPERIOR INTELLECT,
UNFLINCHINGLY FACES THE ASSAULT. ...



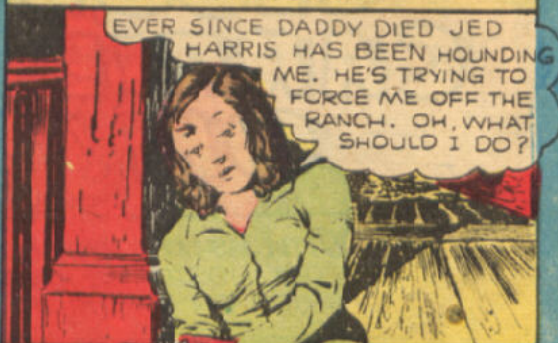
...AND LEADS HIS NEW SUBJECTS ON
THE PATH OF ADVENTURE!



CLOUD TRIUMPHS! HE IS KING
OF THE WILD HORSES!



MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY,
A DRAMA UNFOLDS. ...



EVER SINCE DADDY DIED JED
HARRIS HAS BEEN HOUNDING
ME. HE'S TRYING TO
FORCE ME OFF THE
RANCH. OH, WHAT
SHOULD I DO?

IN THE FIRST PLACE
YOU SHOULDN'T TALK
OUT LOUD -- MISS
JANICE HAWKS!

JED HARRIS!
WHAT DO YOU
WANT HERE?
HOW DARE YOU
COME ONTO MY
PROPERTY?



WA'AL, I KNOWED YOU
WU'Z ALONE... THET YOR
COWBOYS ARE
OFF TO MARKET.
-- THOUGHT I'D
KEEP YOU
COMPANY.
-- FIGURED
YOU MIGHT
BE REASONABLE
AND TURN OVER
THIS HERE
RANCH,
PEACEABLE-
LIKE.



GET OUT OF HERE!
YOU WON'T GET THIS
RANCH EXCEPT OVER
MY DEAD BODY! YOU
DIRTY LAND GRABBER!



WHY--YOU--- I OUGHT
TO PUT A SLUG IN YOU!
--BUT THERE'S A BETTER
WAY -- OVER
YOUR DEAD
BODY, EH?
YOU'LL
SEE!

YOU
DONT
SCARE
ME!



STEAMING WITH RAGE, HARRIS RIDES BACK TO TOWN. ...

SLAP ME, WILL SHE? I'LL GIT EVEN!



HARRIS TELLS A DARK PLAN. ...

... GIT ME, BOYS? THERE'S GOOD DOUGH IN IT FOR ALL OF YOU! WHAT SAY, BLACKY?

WE'RE WITH YOU, JED! --RIGHT, BOYS?

YEP! WE'RE WILLIN'!



THIS'LL BE A CINCH. ALL HER COW HANDS IS AWAY!

SHOR, THIS HERE IS A PUSH-OVER!



LATER -- AT THE HAWKS' RANCH. ...

I WARNED YOU... KEEP AWAY FROM HERE, JED HARRIS. --NOW, LEAVE BEFORE I FILL YOU WITH BUCKSHOT!

NOW, MISS HAWKS!...

MISS! LOOK! BEHIND YOU!...



UNWARILY, JANICE TURNS HER HEAD!

WHAT -- ULP!

MUSN'T MIND ME. I LIKE TO MAKE JOKES!



WITH A VICIOUS BLOW, BLACKY FELS JANICE!

I AIN'T NO GENTLEMAN. I HIT A LADY! HA! HA!

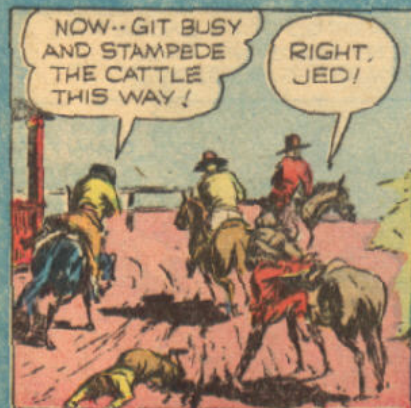
OOO-OH

THAT'LL HOLD'ER FER A WHILE!

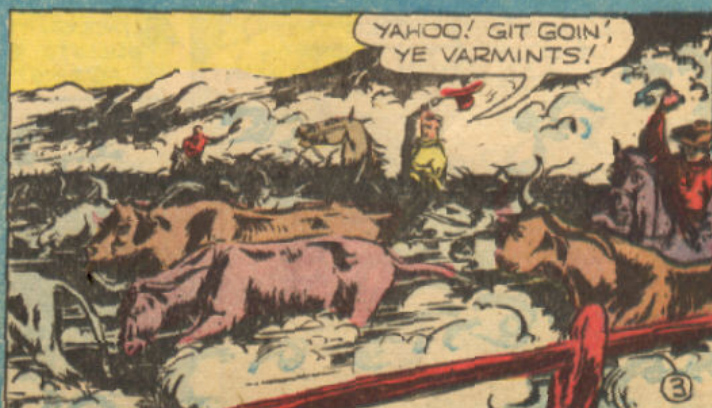


NOW -- GIT BUSY AND STAMPEDE THE CATTLE THIS WAY!

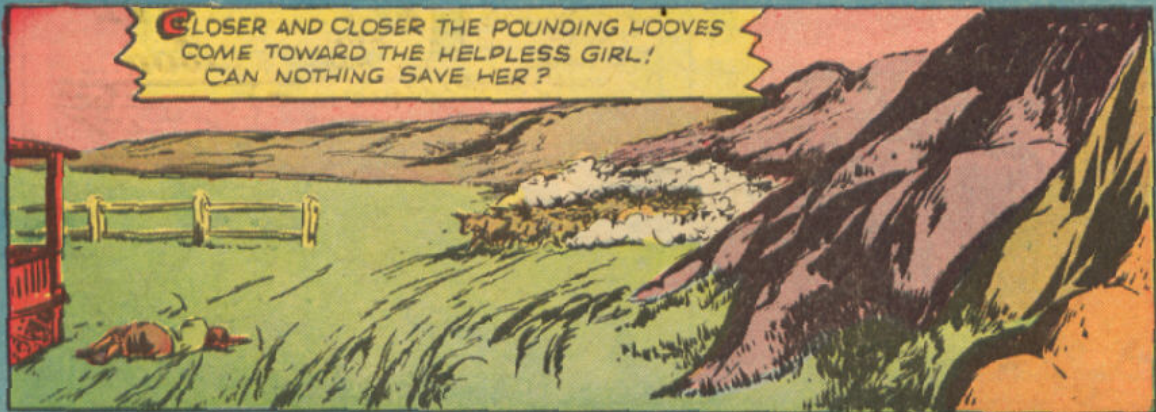
RIGHT, JED!



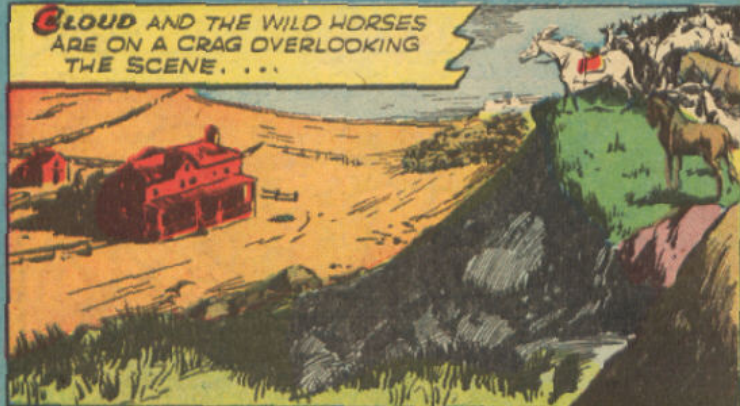
YAHOO! GIT GOIN', YE VARMINTS!



CLOSER AND CLOSER THE POUNDING HOOVES
COME TOWARD THE HELPLESS GIRL!
CAN NOTHING SAVE HER?



CLOUD AND THE WILD HORSES
ARE ON A CRAG OVERLOOKING
THE SCENE. . . .

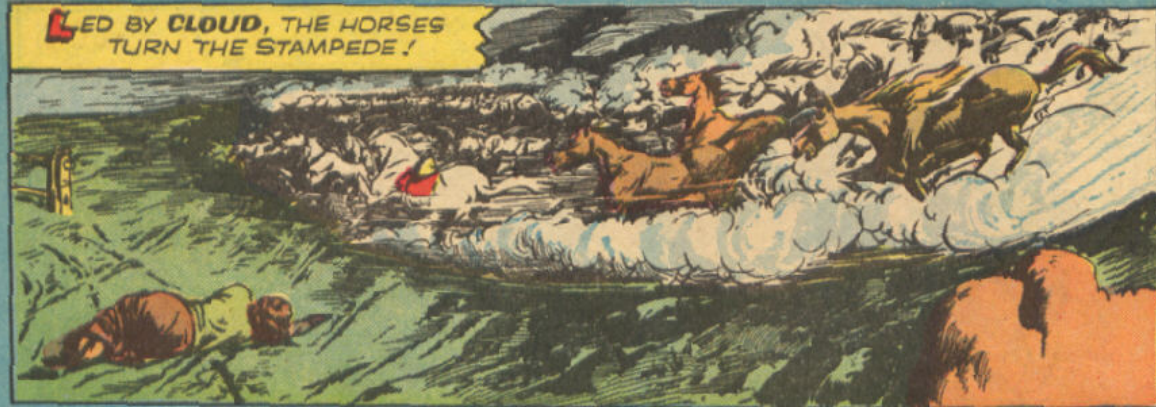


THE WONDER HORSE
SEES WHAT IS HAPPEN-
ING . . .



HE ACTS WITH BLINDING
SPEED! THE PACK FOLLOWS
ITS NEW LEADER!

LED BY CLOUD, THE HORSES
TURN THE STAMPEDE!

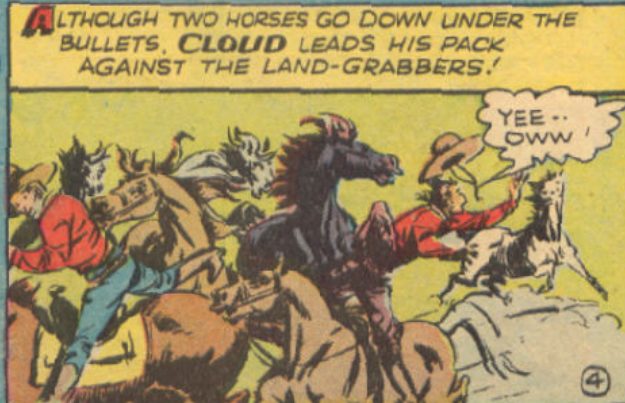


THEM HORSES!
SHOOT BOYS!

LOOKIT THET
WHITE ONE!
HE'S LIKE A HUMAN!



ALTHOUGH TWO HORSES GO DOWN UNDER THE
BULLETS, CLOUD LEADS HIS PACK
AGAINST THE LAND-GRABBERS!



**HARRIS AND HIS MEN
RUN FOR THEIR
LIVES!**



W-W-WHERE
AM I --- ?
WHAT
HAPPENED?



**THE WILD HORSES RUN
AWAY. JANICE
MOUNTS CLOUD....**

THIS WHITE
HORSE --
I'LL RIDE
HIM TO THE
SHERIFF!



**THE MIGHTY CLOUD CARRIES JANICE
PAST HER ENEMIES!**



THAR THEY GO!
STOP 'EM!

BANG!
BANG!

HEY--WHAT IN
THUNDER GOES
ON OUT THAR?
WHY-----
JANICE HAWKS!

SHERIFF!
YOU MUST
HELP ME!



...AND THAT'S
WHAT HAPPENED!

GOOD HORSE!
NOW WE'VE GOT
SOMETHIN' ON THET
SKUNK HARRIS AN HIS
GANG! C'MON, BOYS ...
WE'RE GOIN' RAT HUNTIN'!

**ANGRY MEN RIDE OUT
AFTER HARRIS AND HIS CREW...**

JANICE, THIS
HERE'S NO PLACE
FER YOU!

JUST TRY
TO STOP
ME!



**THE POSSE SOON COMES UP WITH THE UNHORSED LAND-GRABBERS!
A FURIOUS GUN BATTLE ENSUES!**



RECKON WE CAINT
DRIVE 'EM OUT
THEY'VE GOT
GOOD COVER!

THEY'S ONLY ONE WAY
TO GIT AT 'EM, SHERIFF!
THET'S UP THE STEEP BACK
TRAIL. BUT OUR HORSES
WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO CLIMB
IT! AFOOT, WE'D BE TARGETS!

SUDDENLY --- **CLOUD**



Meanwhile ...

WE KIN HOLD OUT HERE. THEY CAINT REACH US!

SHOR--AN' WHEN NIGHT FALLS, WE KIN HIT IT OUTA THIS PLACE BY THE BACK TRAIL!



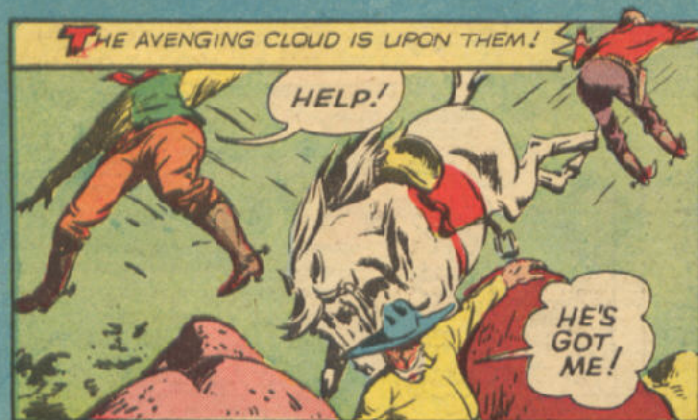
CLoud CHARGES UP THE STEEP SLOPE WHICH LEADS BEHIND THE GANG!



CLoud TAKES THE DESPERADOES BY SURPRISE!



THE AVENGING CLOUD IS UPON THEM!

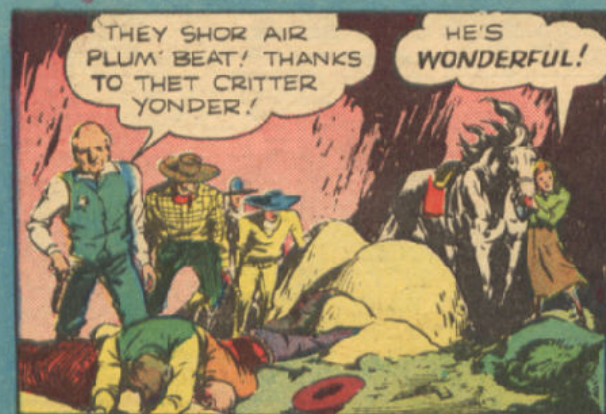


JANICE AND HER FRIENDS STARE IN AMAZEMENT ...

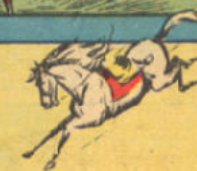


THEY SHOR AIR PLUM' BEAT! THANKS TO THET CRITTER YONDER!

HE'S WONDERFUL!



HIS WORK DONE, **C**Loud RUNS OFF TO JOIN THE WILD HORSES!



THE GREAT **Superhorse** CROSSES THE PATH OF MORE WRONGDOERS IN NEXT MONTH'S

BLUE BOLT!

SUB-ZERO



THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY WAS DEAD! FROZEN STIFF... AND EVERY CLUE POINTED TO SUB-ZERO! ...BUT...DID HE COMMIT THE MURDER? ...WELL, THAT'S TELLING!

SUB-ZERO? THIS IS TOWNSEND... CAN YOU COME RIGHT DOWN? IT'S URGENT!

BE THERE IN TEN MINUTES!

DAILY
"TIPSTER" COP
THEN PULLS CRIM
- TRUTH -
"TIPSTER" OUTWITS
POLICE AGAIN!
DISPATCH
CRIME WAVE

GLAD YOU CAME... THE "TIPSTER" PHONED AN HOUR AGO! SAID HE WAS GOING TO STICK UP THE SUPER-BUS TERMINAL TOMORROW. I'M GOING TO HAVE A HEAVY POLICE GUARD, BUT I COULD USE YOU, TOO!

IT WILL BE A PLEASURE!



LATE THAT NIGHT!

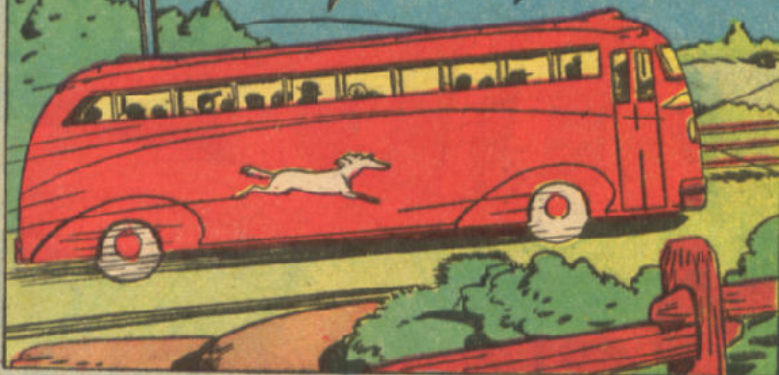
HAH! THE D.A. SOUNDED MAD WHEN I CALLED HIM! BET HE CALLS OUT HALF THE FORCE! I HOPE SO! THE MORE, THE BETTER!



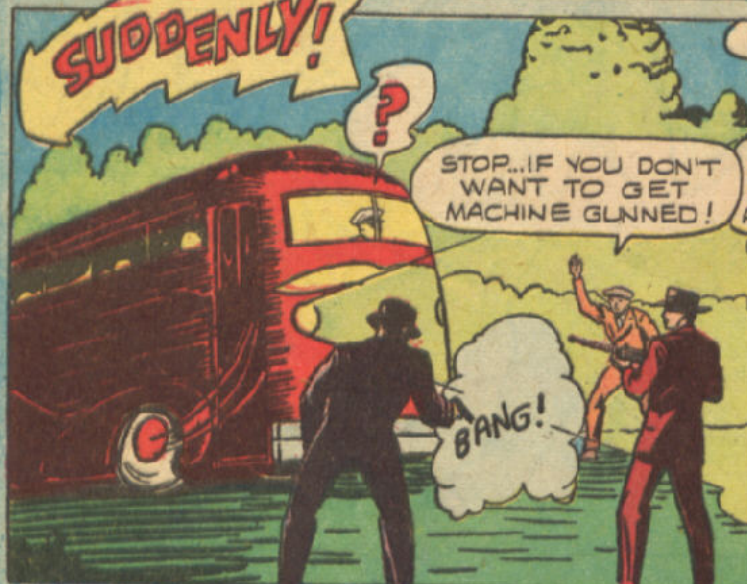
STILL LATER...

SAY... WHAT TIME DO WE LAND AT THE TERMINAL?

'BOUT 9 A.M. IF WE'RE NOT LATE...



SUDDENLY!



LOOKS LIKE A HOLD UP!

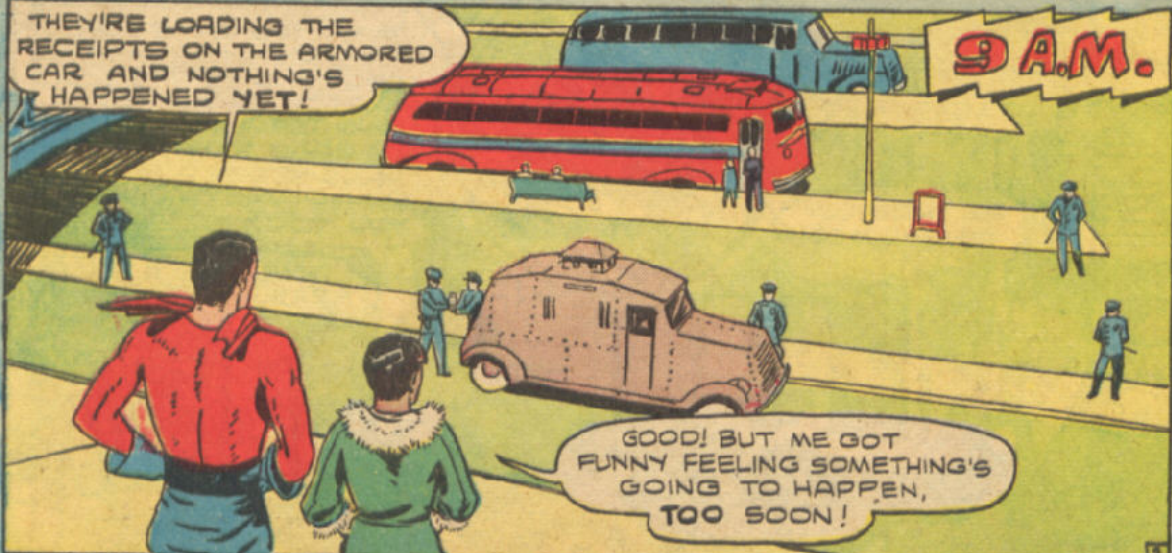
SHUT UP! OR IT WILL BE MURDER!

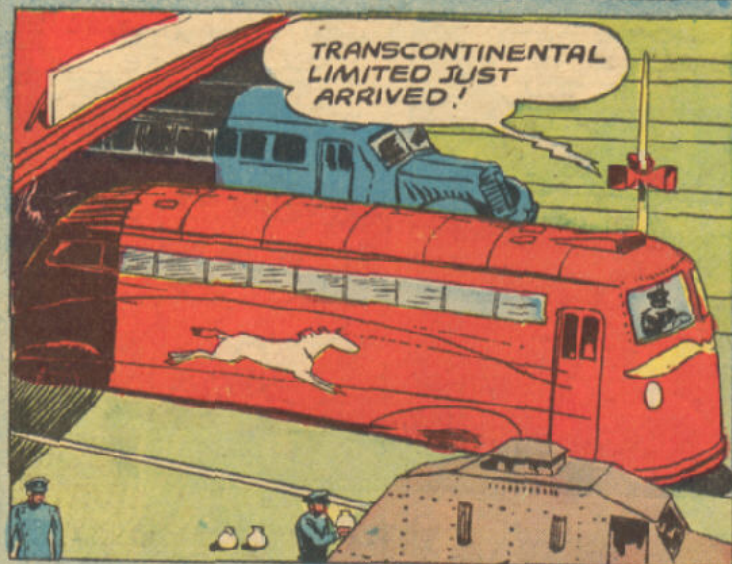
OKAY, BOYS... LOCK 'EM UP IN THE ABANDONED MILL!



THEY'RE LOADING THE RECEIPTS ON THE ARMORED CAR AND NOTHING'S HAPPENED YET!

9 A.M.

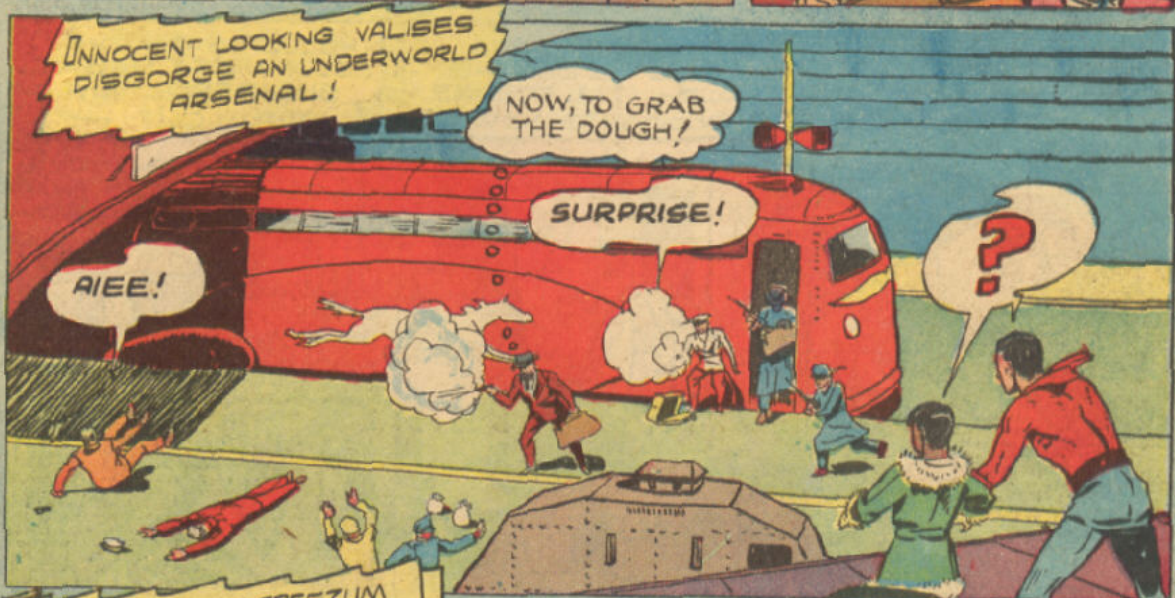




TRANSCONTINENTAL
LIMITED JUST
ARRIVED!



THE COPS THINK WE'RE
PASSENGERS! WE'VE GOT
'EM COMPLETELY OFF
GUARD! NOW!



INNOCENT LOOKING VALISES
DISGORGE AN UNDERWORLD
ARSENAL!

NOW, TO GRAB
THE DOUGH!

SURPRISE!

AIEE!

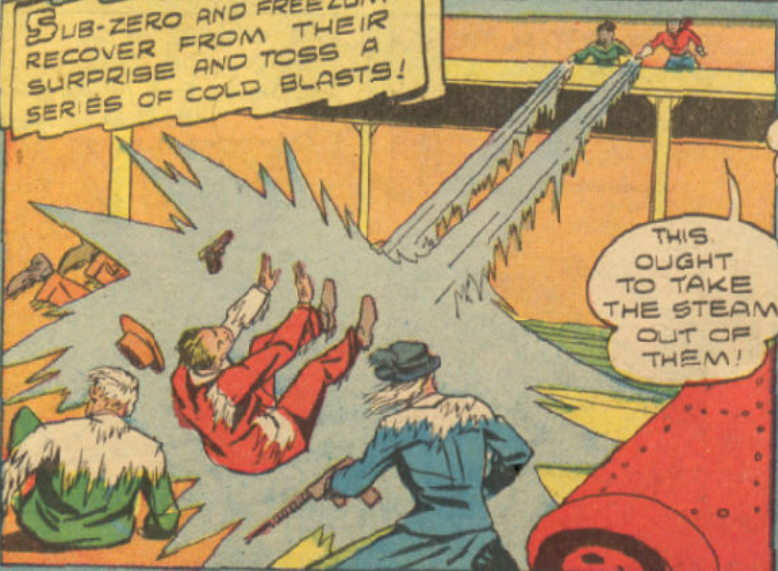
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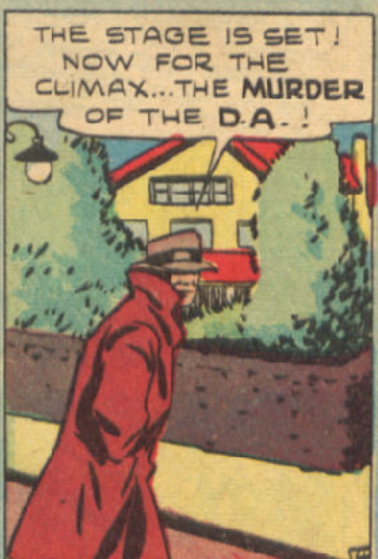
SUB-ZERO AND FREEZUM
RECOVER FROM THEIR
SURPRISE AND TOSS A
SERIES OF COLD BLASTS!

MEANWHILE...

JUST MANAGED TO
DUCK WHEN THEY THREW
THOSE BLASTS... BUT,
CURSE IT, I MISSED
MY CHANCE TO GRAB
THE MONEY!

THIS
OUGHT
TO TAKE
THE STEAM
OUT OF
THEM!









YOU KILLED TOWNSEND!

ABSURD!
WE WERE THE
BEST OF
FRIENDS!



YEAH?...READ THIS
IN THE MORNING
CHRONICLE!



IT SAYS...ACCORDING
TO THE GRAPEVINE
SUB-ZERO AND THE
D.A. ARE FEUDING!
SUB ZERO THINKS
THE D.A. HOGGED
THE PUBLICITY IN
THE BUS TERMINAL
STICK UP...WELL,
I'LL BE A...



IT'S A FRAMEUP! LOOK
AT THAT CHAIR...IT
WOULD HAVE BEEN
SHATTERED TO BITS
IF I KILLED HIM!

YOU COULD HAVE FROZEN
HIM SOMEWHERE ELSE
AND PLANTED HIM
THERE! GRAB
HIM, BOYS!



GIVE 'EM THE WORKS, KID!
WE'VE GOT TO GET
OUT OF HERE!

DON'T MOVE
OR I
SHOOT!

WHATEVER
YOU
SAYUM!



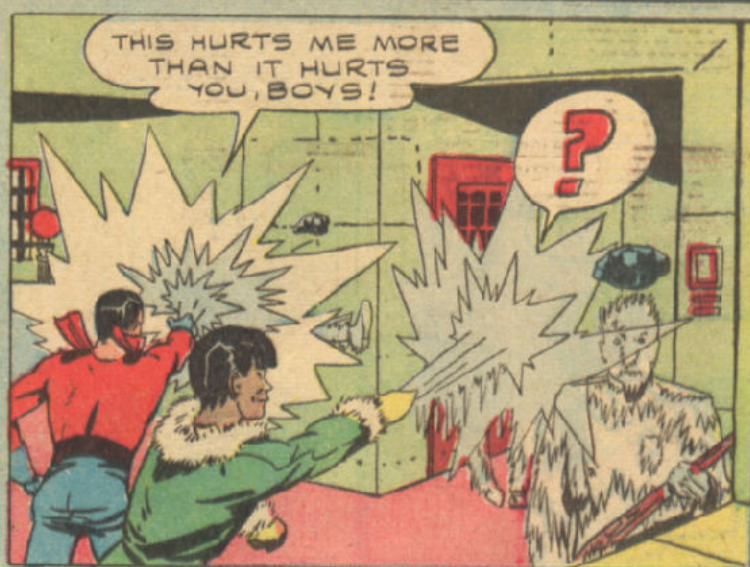
SORRY, FELLOWS... BUT
YOU'LL THAW OUT IN
A FEW MINUTES!

BR-R-R!
!S!?M!

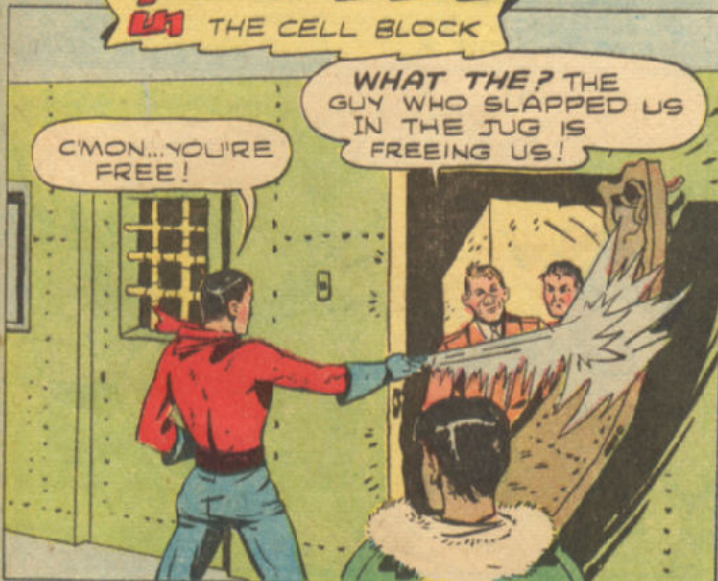


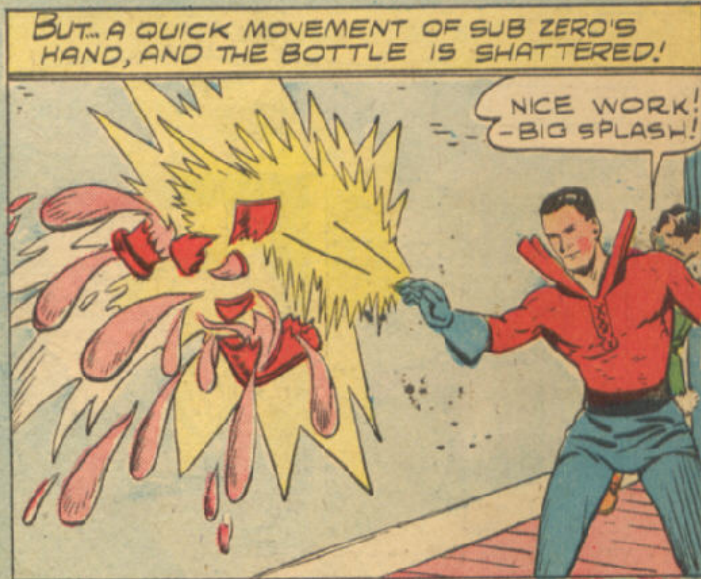
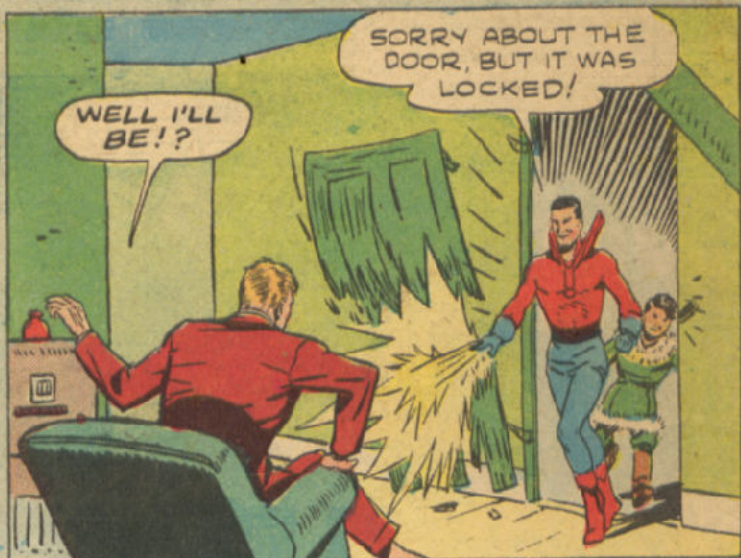
THE LAST PLACE
I SHOULD GO TO...
BUT WE'VE GOT
TO...THE CITY
JAIL!

NOW
WHERE
TO?



IN THE CELL BLOCK





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